Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 63.—Vol. V. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, February 15, 1905 With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffman*

Miss Ellen O'Malley

Who gives such a delightful representation of Nora, in *John Bull's Other Island*, by Bernard Shaw, which is now being played at the Vedrenne-Barker matinées at the Court Theatre

No. 63.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"A New Paolo and Francesca." By Annie E. Holdsworth. (John Lane: 6s.)
"Count Reminy." By Jean Middlemass. (John Long: 6s.)
"Lord Eversleigh's Sins." By Violet Tweedale. (John Long: 6s.)

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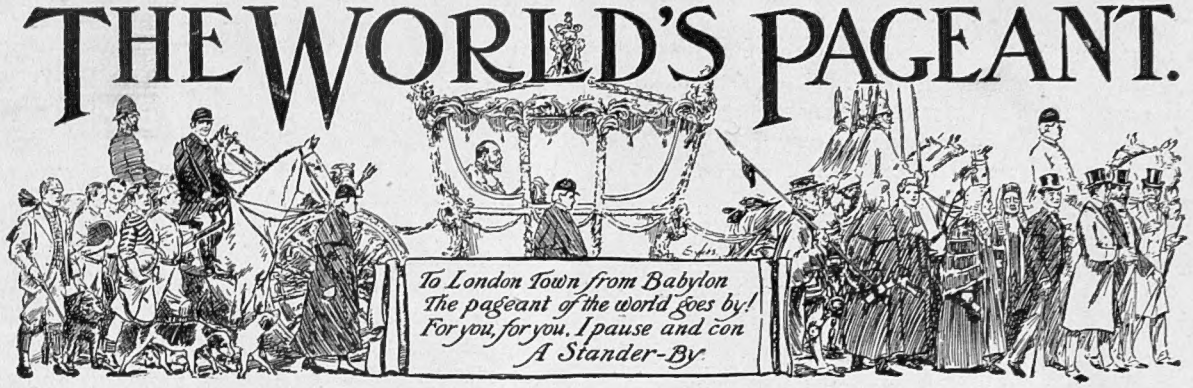
POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.



London: Wednesday, February 15, 1905

Everyone interested in motor-cars, including recent converts, will, this week, be visiting the great exhibition at Olympia. The motor, having successfully emerged from its period of probation, has now, at last, inflamed the public imagination. For years the motor, regarded as a public nuisance, whose advance should be retarded by every possible means, has suddenly leaped into popular favour.

* * *

For it has, at last, been perceived that the evolution of the motor-car to its present state of perfection is not an event destined to benefit only the wealthy, but one that will exercise a beneficial influence on the lives of all. Within a very few weeks the motor omnibus—the "omnicar," we observe, Mr. Scott-Montagu calls it—will become part and parcel of our daily lives. The motor 'bus can complete a given journey in nearly half the time taken by the present horse-drawn vehicle. Fares, so far from being raised, we shall probably see reduced, for the up-keep expenses of running a motor 'bus are considerably less than those of the horse-drawn variety, while the earning power is greater. The formation of new motor traffic companies should result in healthy competition to the benefit of the patient, much-sinned-against traveller.

"CARRIAGES WILL GO WITHOUT HORSES"

MOTHER SHIPTON (exultantly): "There, John, what did I tell you? What were my very words?"

Without wishing to draw upon the imagination, it is not too much to say that the advent of the motor 'bus will work a revolution in the present state of our existence. It will bring districts, now impracticable to those of limited means, within easy distance, and, with a greater area to select from, house rents will decline. Its ability to cope with the requirements of its patrons will enable it to open up quarters where neither the train nor the electric tram can reach. In saying this, we have no wish to underestimate the valuable work the electric tram has achieved, but those who are far-seeing assert that the day even of the electric tram is passing. It has grave drawbacks. It disorganises traffic in central districts, and even where the traffic is not thick, the utility of the rail-laid vehicle is limited to a restricted area, while the motor 'bus is able to go everywhere and anywhere.

* * *

Once again the Session is opened in Parliament, and it threatens to be a stormy one. There is but one certain fact to start upon. The country is no longer with Mr. Balfour, but Mr. Balfour is determined to retain his position as Prime Minister until he is defeated. We cannot say that we blame him, for there is no valid reason why he should commit political *hari-kari* for the benefit of Earl Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. His course, however, is beset with rocks which threaten to wreck him. His attitude over the Fiscal controversy has won him few friends and made many enemies. His extravagant expenditure in all directions is glaringly apparent at a moment when the universal cry is for retrenchment. Many of his followers are sick of being in Parliament, and some of them will probably vote against him: while he has no programme to bring forward.

* * *

Mr. Arnold-Forster, meanwhile, having designed a new forage-cap for Tommy, resumes his active duties with the cheerfulness of a Mark Tapley. He is convinced that the disastrous bye-elections do not prove that the country wants to dismiss the present Ministry, for he is sure that the electorate could not possibly be so bereft of their senses as to wish to repose confidence in the Liberal Party. Mr. Arnold-Forster proves himself to be the sort of genius we expect to find at the head of the War Office. The Cabinet stick to their posts like limpets to a rock. They all seem to be of Mr. Arnold-Forster's and Lord Onslow's opinion that the country never appreciated them more than at the present moment. There are none so blind as those who won't see.

* * *

The Liberal Party, headed by Earl Spencer, have sounded their battle cry by issuing their programme in the shape of a manifesto. Mr. Chamberlain and all his works are eschewed, and for the rest the energies of the Liberals seem to be guided towards undoing most of the later acts of the present administration. The Education Act is to be repealed, the

KING JAMIE INTERROGATES THE MILKMAIDS OF THE MALL

I.

"Whaur are ye gangin' tae, ma preety maids?"
"We haven't a notion, sir," they said.

II.

"What is your fortune, ma preety maids?"
"Ours is *mis*fortune, sir," they said.

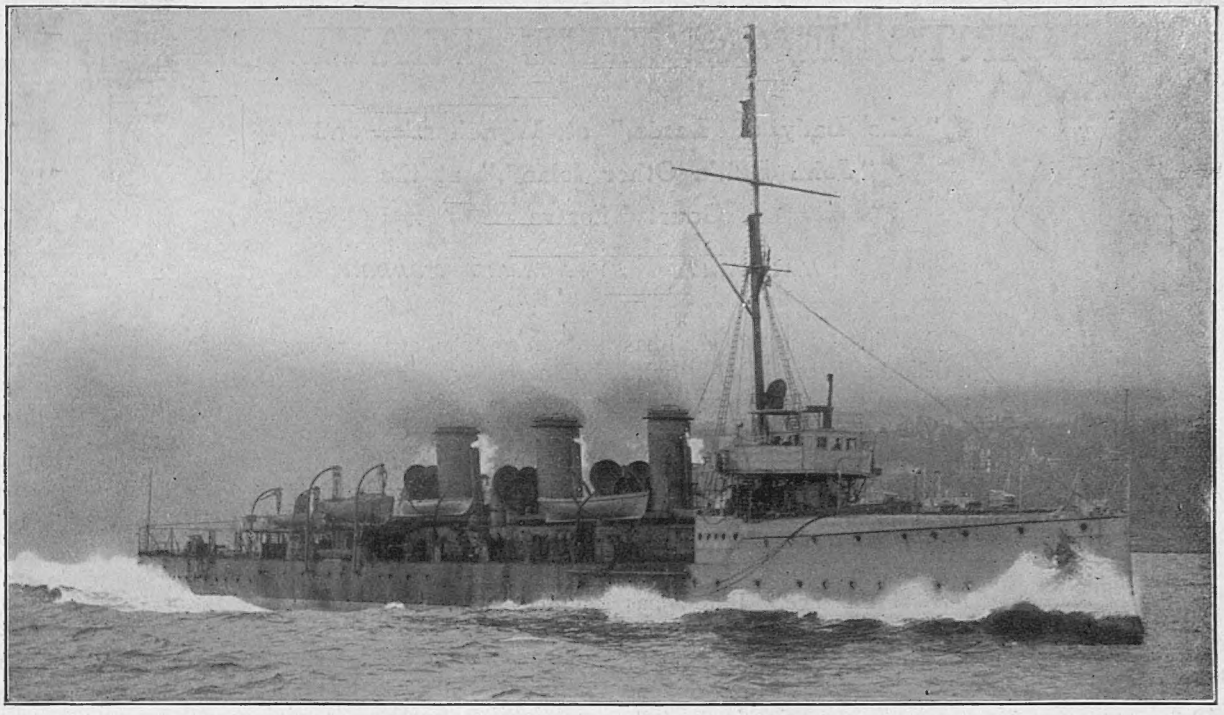


Photo by] **H.M.S. "Sentinel": The fastest cruiser in the world** [*Vickers, Maxim*

This new type of scouting cruiser, of which two have now been launched, reminds one somewhat of a huge torpedo destroyer, and is capable of 25¼ knots. The length is 340 feet, the displacement 2,920 tons. She is built with a high forecastle, for fast running in heavy seas, but otherwise lies low and sleek in the water, and is not easily visible to an enemy. Messrs. Vickers Sons and Maxim, of Barrow-in-Furness, are the designers and builders

Chinese Labour Ordinance is to be repealed, and Home Rule granted in the Transvaal, the Licensing Act is to be repealed, and the Taff Vale decision to be reversed by a new Act. The feature of the manifesto, or rather, want of feature, concerns Irish matters. Earl Spencer, who, we take it, will be the next Prime Minister, does not allow his heart to carry away his head in connection with the Emerald Isle. "Liberals will always be ready," he says, "*at the proper moment*, to extend the principle of self-government in that country." According to a contemporary, which has conducted an inquiry in the constituencies, Liberals will only obtain a majority next election by the help of the Irish Party. If so, Earl Spencer will have to elaborate his Irish Policy. We believe, however, that the anticipation is incorrect. Liberals seem likely to have a very large majority, independent of Irish help.

Sir Edwin Egerton (the new British Ambassador to Rome, who succeeds Sir Francis Bertie), driving in State to the Quirinal, the residence of the King of Italy

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

Mr. Weedon Grossmith
(*Jerome Robinson*)
The bogus Archduke in *The Lady of Leeds*

"The Lady of Leeds," at Wyndham's, and "John Bull's Other Island," at the Court Theatre

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

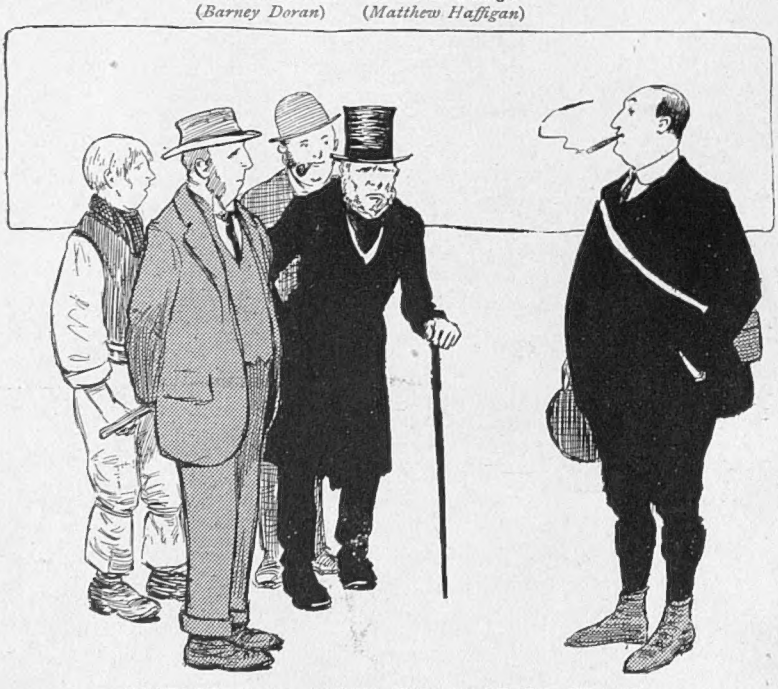
Miss Nancy Price
((*Miss Euphemia Chitty*)
The well-dowered daughter of a ginger-ale manufacturer, in *The Lady of Leeds*

Captain Robert Marshall has a delicate wit, but it is not quite equal to the strain to which he subjects it in his latest play. For this wit, which raises the ready laugh at frequent intervals during the evening, is not able altogether to bolster up the unfunny situations of a very thin farcical romance. Rarely has a play been so dependent upon mere *jeu d'esprit*, upon the play of words; for there is hardly a situation in the play sufficiently exhilarating even to give point to a line of dialogue. Miss Nancy Price is the hub of the piece, and an excellent caste, including Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. C. M. Lowne, Mr. Vane Tempest, and Miss Fortescue, are cast for the spokes. Miss Price has found her line, and, as has happened in the case of other clever players, the manager and the dramatist, forestalling the likes of the playgoer, have combined to keep her to that line. She is again a lady of better looks than birth; again she amuses us by adopting that delicious common accent, snatches of which assail the aristocrat as he perambulates the streets.

On this occasion she is so well dowered by a father in the ginger-ale business as to excite the cupidity of a lordling and a retired colonel. In revenge, at the rejection of their addresses, they conspire to palm off upon her a ruined ex-waiter as an archduke. This unsavoury deception upon a well-meaning lady is very well in farce; but, having styled his piece a farcical romance, the playwright feels that some amends must be made. Consequently, in the finale, he is at great pains to make the aristocratic paid companion and bear leader of the millionairess express her opinions of the ungentlemanly conspirators in no uncertain terms. This move upon the part of the dramatist has the effect of saving his skin, and modifying a rather unpleasant episode, but it is hardly calculated to preserve the homogeneity of the piece. If you are writing farce, stick to your colours, and do not attempt to explain away one jot of your absurdities. If you do, you run the danger of spoiling a passable farce and not succeeding in introducing the faintest element of romance.

But one more element in the piece remains to be chronicled—a watery element. The millionairess and the bogus archduke succeed in falling into the canal at Venice. This is a situation too deep for comment. Miss Price relies for her human effect upon a drawling manner. Mr. Vane Tempest is seldom brisk, while the aristocratic companion, played by Miss Fortescue, is too well-bred to be in a hurry. These deliberate characters have a baneful effect upon the piece. The tempo is altogether too slow.

Mr. Wilfred Shine (*Barney Doran*) **Mr. A. E. George** (*Matthew Haffigan*)



CHARACTERS IN "JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND."
Mr. Norman Page (*Patsy Farrell*) **Mr. F. Cremlin** (*Corney Doyle*) **Mr. Louis Calvert** (*Broadbent*)

At the Court Theatre

The establishment of cordial relations between Mr. Bernard Shaw and the British play-going public is a lengthy and very delicate business. Mr. Shaw is in the unhappy position of trying to live down the worst reputation an accredited dramatist can possibly have; that of deliberately making game of his audience. For many years Mr. Shaw's plays have been received with the greatest caution by the British playgoer. The latter has communed with himself something after this manner: "Ah! Bernard Shaw. A brilliant

Mr. A. E. George

(Matthew Haffigan in "John Bull's Other Island")

fellow, but, unless you are very careful, he will get the better of you."

The result of this unfortunate misunderstanding has been, the relegation of Mr. Shaw's plays to special matinées and the bookshelf.

Mr. Shaw is still being exploited by the repertoire matinée manager. For these small mercies we are duly grateful, but we look forward confidently to the time when the list of London plays (that great repertoire, as our Continental neighbours have not been slow to point out to us) will not be complete without a play of Mr. Shaw's in the evening bill.

This preamble is in the nature of a heartfelt introduction to *John Bull's Other Island*, now being played at the Court Theatre, under the Vedrenne-Barker management.

It is the sort of play which reconciles the stay-at-home Englishman for not being in a position to travel and meet amusing types. For the characters in *John Bull's Other Island* are so diverting, they express their points of view, their outlook on life, the very essence of their being, with such conscious and unconscious humour, that to meet any one of them would be a refreshing and invigorating experience for the most hardened globe-trotter.

Mr. Shaw is the free lance of the stage. He tilts at the Irishman, and he tilts at the Englishman. He brings them together in such wise that, from sheer contrast, they strike sparks from each other. The scene between the dolorous English valet, Hodson, and the old grievance-spouting Irishman, Matthew Haffigan, is but one instance among many in a tournament of wit.

The experienced play-goer knows by instinct when the characters dispose themselves on the stage for a talk. It is, in most cases, a situation fraught with the perils of boredom. When Mr. Bernard Shaw brings on the full complement of his characters to talk over things in general, on the grass-plot in front of Corney Doyle's house, the stage crosses by which they get into position for the pow-wow, strikes the note of anticipation of good things to come.

The cast at the Court Theatre is almost beyond compare. Each character stands out clear from his comrades. The Broadbent of Mr. Louis Calvert has already taken its place among the most faithful and complete studies of a temperament. It is a character which must be seen, if we are ever to realise the heights and the depths and the great vast spaces occupied by John Bull.

Mr. Granville Barker

(Keegan, in "John Bull's Other Island")

Mr. A. E. George, in a wonderful make-up, gives a fine rendering of the querulousness, the passion, and the ignorance of Matthew Haffigan. The two feminine characters in the play —Aunt Judy and Nora—are well rendered by Miss Agnes Thomas and Miss Ellen O'Malley. Miss Thomas is delightfully droll, while Miss O'Malley's impersonation of the ill-treated Nora remains in the memory, so instinct is it with charm and feeling.

E. C. S.

Miss Agnes Thomas

(Aunt Judy, in "John Bull's Other Island")

Where Shall We Go To-night?

THE BYSTANDER THEATRE GUIDE

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: *Much Ado About Nothing.*—Magnificent, and not to be missed, but no new acting reputations made.

IMPERIAL THEATRE: *King Henry V.*—Joys for the Jingoist. Lewis Waller an ideal King Harry.

ADELPHI THEATRE: *The Taming of the Shrew.*—The most amusing play in London, and quite Shakespearean in treatment.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: *Mollentrave on Women.*—Alfred Sutro's new comedy.

HAYMARKET THEATRE: *That Brute Simmons*, 8.20; *Beauty and the Barge*, 9.—A first piece not to be missed. Second, a continuous two hours' chuckle.

CRITERION THEATRE, 9: *Freedom of Suzanne.*—Play slight, but charged with bubbling merriment of the incomparable Marie Tempest.

NEW THEATRE, 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—Picturesque melodrama. Thrills for the unsophisticated.

GARRICK THEATRE: *Walls of Jericho*, 8.30.—Smart Set successfully satirised. They love it.

TERRY'S THEATRE, 8.30: *Mrs. Dering's Divorce.*—Mrs. Langtry and Leonard Boyne in a piece intermittently amusing.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, 2.30 and 8.30: *Peter Pan.*—The whimsical Barrie at his best, catering for children.

APOLLO THEATRE, 8.15: *Veronique.*—The most charming comic opera for many moons. Tops other musical productions of the moment by miles.

GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE.—Grrman Company, a lesson to many English companies.

STRAND THEATRE, 8: *Sergeant Brue.*—A musical comedy.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, 8.15: *Catch of the Season.*—Seymour Hicks sets the pace. Camille Clifford does the "Gibson walk."

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, 8.15; *Lady Madcap.*—Huntley in the piece. Lucky for the piece.

LYRIC THEATRE, 8.15: *The Talk of the Town.*—A musical comedy by Seymour Hicks. The dresses must have cost a pretty penny.

GAIETY THEATRE, 8: *The Orchid.*—First edition sold out; second going strong.

DALY'S THEATRE, 8.15: *The Cingalee.*—A Daly Success. Go and see it again.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Miss Barbara Ainsworth

Miss Barbara Ainsworth is a charming Scotch girl, whose marriage to Major Skeffington, second son of Lord Massereene, will take place to-morrow (February 16), in the picturesque church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the elder daughter of the popular Member for Argyll, and has spent the greater part of her girlhood at Ardanaiseig, which is situated in the neighbourhood of Loch Awe. Major Skeffington is a very distinguished soldier, and served with the 17th Lancers in the South African War, where he was wounded, and gained his D.S.O. His mother was the only daughter of the famous sporting novelist, Whyte-Melville, and this fact is kept in memory by the somewhat lengthy patronymic of his elder brother, who is known as Oriel John Clotworthy Whyte-Melville Foster-Skeffington.

Photo by *Thomson*

Miss Jean Barbara Ainsworth

Whose marriage to Major the Hon. A. W. Skeffington takes place to-morrow (Thursday) at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Sir Mortimer Durand

Sir Mortimer Durand, our British Ambassador at Washington, had a difficult task in following the late Lord Pauncefote, who, if he maintained a rigid and unbending dignity, was, nevertheless, exceedingly respected. Lord Pauncefote considered himself only second in rank to the President, and he would dine nowhere unless a previous list of guests was submitted to him, and then only if he were accorded the place of honour.

Sir Mortimer, however, is a diplomat of quite another school. "He has such wholesome tastes," says Washington. He walks a good deal, is a good rider, and fond of a game of cricket. He goes where he chooses, and does what he likes, without thinking his dignity suffers. Washington is very pleased with his democratic simplicity. Recently he was out riding with a Washington lady: "Come," said she, "and see my house—I've had some alterations made to it, and you might not recognise it when you want to pay me a visit."

"I'll have no difficulty about that," replied Sir Mortimer. "I found it easily enough when I left my note this morning, asking you to come and ride."

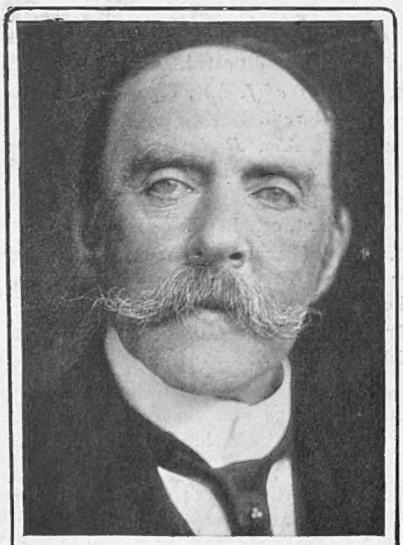
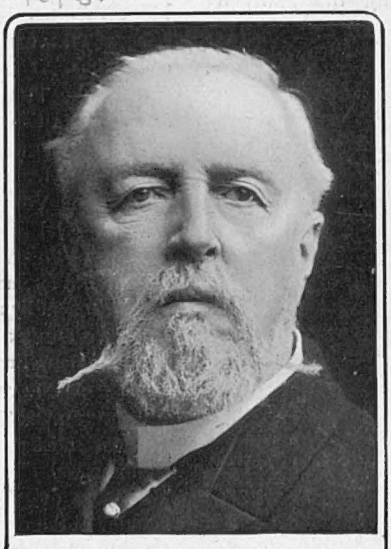


Photo by *Beresford*

Sir Mortimer Durand

British Ambassador at Washington, who celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday yesterday (February 14)



King Oscar of Sweden

Who is so seriously ill that he has handed over the reins of Government to the Crown Prince

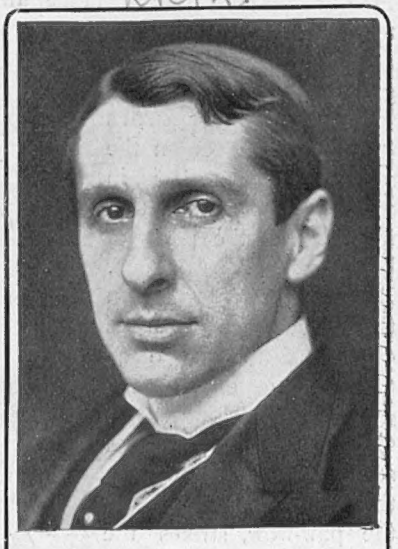


Photo by *Beresford*

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Lee, M.P.

Civil Lord of the Admiralty, whose speech on Naval affairs has had the effect of raising the very demon of German imagination

The Tsar a Model Man not a Model Monarch

The idea of His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador leaving his own note is distinctly pleasing to the American temperament.

Sir Mortimer, although not yet an adept at understanding American wit, is appreciative of it. "If I do not always understand their meaning at once, I take them on faith and laugh. Later on, when I see their point, I laugh again—so I get a double amount of pleasure out of them."

Who shall say an Ambassador's task is an easy one!

The King of Sweden's Illness

The King of Sweden's illness, at a moment when the two countries which he governs so ably and well are at loggerheads with one another, is particularly unfortunate. But the truth is, that this estrangement between the Norwegians and Swedes is no new thing, and racial pride, as much as anything, is at the bottom of it all. The Norwegians, next to the Swiss, are the most democratic people in the world, and, in 1821, abolished all titles of nobility. Their present grievance over the Consular question arises simply from their demands for a larger measure of Home Rule.

Besides being an able administrator, the King of Sweden is well known as a literary man, for he has translated *Faust* into Swedish, and has written a biography of Charles XII., which, with many of his poems, has been translated into English. During the King's illness, the Crown Prince, who represented his father at the Coronation of King Edward, has, at his father's wish, taken over the Regency.

The Tsar at Home

The Tsar is the central figure in international politics just now, and, consequently, any new fact respecting his personality is of interest, especially in view of the conflicting statements regarding him which appear in the Press.

The Tsar is, in reality, possessed of extraordinary lovableness and kindness of heart. In personal intercourse he is said to be actually fascinating. His features are very sympathetic, and there is invariably an expression on his face of resigned melancholy. According to Mr. Hugo Ganz, a well-known Viennese *littérateur*, whose very interesting book, "The Downfall of Russia," has recently been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, the Tsar "is intentionally deaf to everything in the reports of his counsellors likely to disparage or cast suspicion on a colleague." Mr. Ganz, who is certainly no supporter of the autocracy, goes further than this. "It is an absolute necessity for him to do good," he says, "and a constant source of pain to him that he cannot prevent the great amount of existing evil."

Such a high and elevated nature is continually being played upon. Nicholas II. has not very strong judgment, and he is overawed by the subtleties of his *entourage*. The things that people dare do to him border upon the inconceivable. Threatening letters to the Tsar are of no uncommon occurrence, and they are smuggled into his clothes, and have even been found under his pillow.

The Tsar is deeply religious, and his religion is imbued with superstition. A certain hypnotist, named Philippe, was, a few years ago, a great personage in the affairs of the Court. He was to influence the Tsaritza, by means of his supposed occult power, to enable her to give birth to a son. This man rode it roughshod over nobles and ministers, until, at length, he not only failed in his promises, but was detected in some seamy intrigues—when he fled.

In short, the Tsar, as a friend, a husband, and

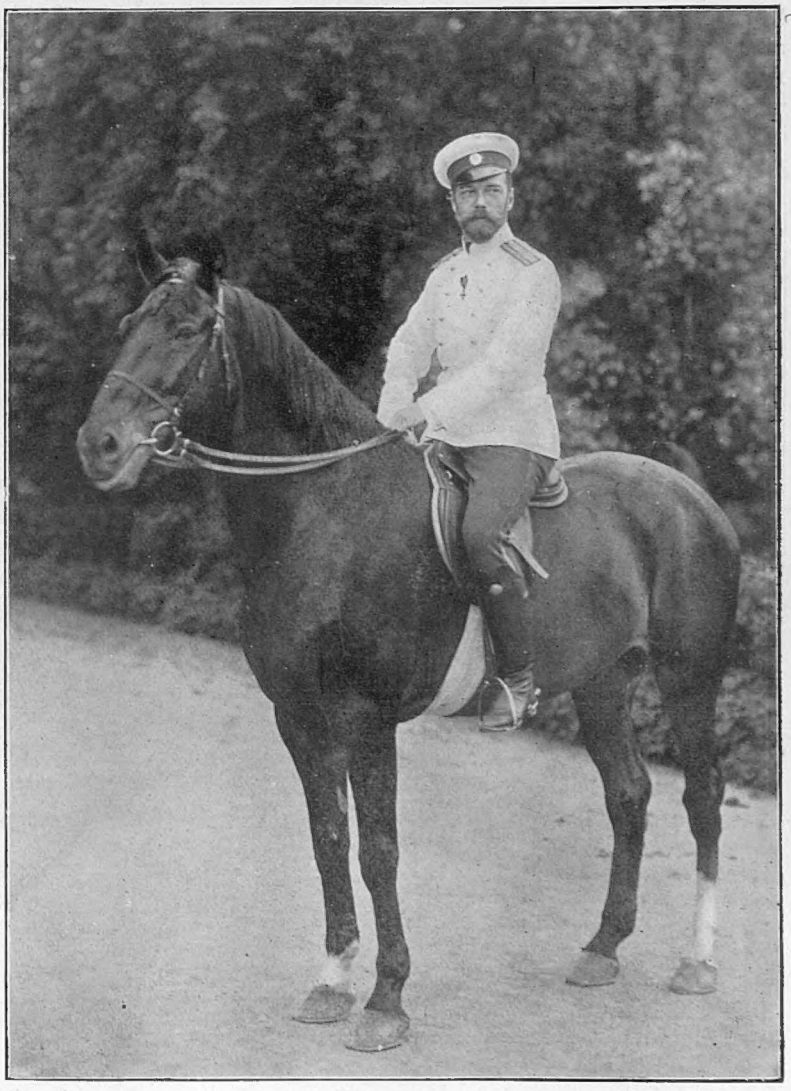


Photo by *Hahn*

The Tsar at Home at Tsarskoe Selo: The latest photograph taken

A Great-Grandson of Two Reigning Monarchs

a father, is a model, but as a monarch, he is not fitted to fulfil the functions which are necessary for the autocrat of all the Russias to rule successfully.

Little Prince Windisch-Graetz

The little Prince Windisch-Graetz, the son of the erstwhile Princess Elizabeth of Austria, is a much prized baby. The little prince's mother, upon her marriage, forfeited all her royal prerogatives, and has never repented the sacrifice she made for love. Her union has proved an ideal one, and her happiness is a source of great content to the Countess Lonyay, her mother, who, after her own unfortunate experience in her first marriage, was determined that her daughter's lot should be a different one. She was largely instrumental in persuading the Emperor of Austria to give his consent to the union, and now he is almost equally devoted to his granddaughter and his great-grandson. The Princess Elizabeth is quite young, only twenty-one, and in her case the heaviness, which is a characteristic of the personal appearance of the members of the House of Hapsburg, is neutralised by the sweetness of her expression, and by her winsome, girlish smile. Like her mother, she is clever and talented, and fond of outdoor amusements.

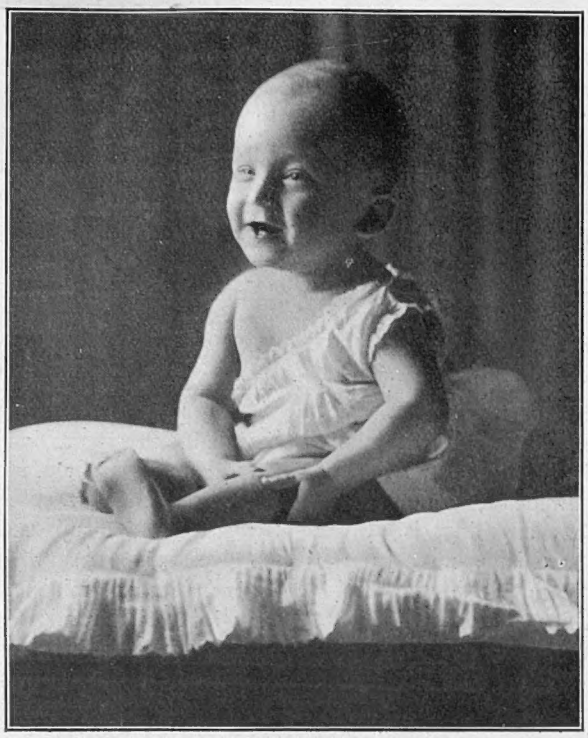


Photo by] **Prince Windisch-Graetz** [*Langham*

Who is a great-grandson of two reigning European sovereigns—the Emperor of Austria and the King of the Belgians

Photo by] **Miss Nancy Price** [*Thomas*

Who plays the character rôle of the rich daughter of a ginger-ale manufacturer in *The Lady of Leeds*, Captain Robert Marshall's new play at Wyndham's Theatre. In the piece, Miss Price, who plays the banjo and guitar equally well, accompanies Mr. Weedon Grossmith's singing of "La Donna é Mobile"

Bensonians on Tour in the West Indies

The Rev. Forbes Phillips

The Rev. Forbes Phillips has not been daunted by the meagre success which attended his play, *For Church and Stage*, at the Savoy Theatre. Returning to his vicarage, he at once set about producing a pantomime of his own writing in aid of local charities. The pantomime was a great success, and gave great evidence of the producer's grasp of stage business. The reverend playwright is cheerful in demeanour and very direct in manner. He made many friends during his stay in London.

The Rev. Forbes Phillips, Vicar of Gorleston

Who returned, after the production of his play *For Church and Stage* at the Savoy Theatre, to Gorleston, where he put on, with great success, a pantomime, written by himself, in aid of local charities

The Sultan of Zanzibar

Seyyid Ali Bin Hamoud, Sultan of Zanzibar, who arrived at Dover on Thursday, on a visit to England, is one of the youngest African potentates, being only twenty years of age. At Brindisi, he stated that one of his objects was to see the King, but we learn, through an official source, no arrangements have yet been made for King Edward to receive His Highness. He also stated he intended to see an English specialist about his health, which broke down for a few days at Paris while on his journey here.

After the bombardment of Zanzibar by our warships in 1896 and the expulsion of the usurper, Said Khaled, Hamoud Bin Mahomed, a caravan trader of the Royal blood, was made Sultan. He died in 1902, and was succeeded by his son, Seyyid Ali, an old Harrovian, and at that time an Oxford undergraduate. The young prince, who was about to represent his father at the King's

Photo by *Sanders and Crowhurst*

Mr. F. R. Benson's Repertoire Company now on tour in the West Indies

British Protectorates and Native Rulers: Zanzibar

Coronation, had to leave hurriedly for Zanzibar to assume the regal dignity, though Mr. A. S. Rogers, Regent and first minister, manages affairs of State during his minority. At the city of Zanzibar, the young Sultan is often to be seen driving about escorted by a squad of cavalry, and there is rarely a Society function in which he is not the leading figure. He has a variety of residences, his favourites being his country seat at Chukwani, where his head man, Salima, dispenses ices, refreshments, and plenty of salaams, to the white guests; and his north palace in the pretty coral islet of Chueni.

The Main Street, Zanzibar

Seyyid Ali, like many a European sovereign, is very fond of yachting, and possesses a splendidly equipped steam yacht, the *Nyanza*. Last July, his Highness was the guest of the evening at a fancy dress ball given on board H.M.S. *Forte*. An English guest writes that he was welcomed with great ceremony, a guard of honour lining the deck opposite the gangway. The band played the National Hymn, and, after the young potentate had received the obeisance of the Regent, the consuls (Messrs. Basil Cave and J. H. Sinclair), and the commander, he was conducted to a velvet panoplied chair on a raised daïs. Two of the most important events in the history of Zanzibar last year were the opening by the Sultan of the new market and the new law courts, where most of the litigation of British Central East Africa is carried on.

If the young Sultan is fond of playgoing, and chances to see *The Earl and the Girl*, he should be amused at the sentiments expressed in a song of his native land, entitled "In Zanzibar."

Seyyid Ali Bin Hamoud, Sultan of Zanzibar, leaving the British Consulate

The Sultan, with six dusky attendants, is now in residence at the Carlton Hotel

British Protectorates and Native Rulers: Uganda

The Protectorate of Uganda

Geography is acknowledged to be a weak point with so many people that we make no excuse for telling our readers that the Protectorate of Uganda lies on the north-west shore of Lake Victoria, about five hundred miles in a direct line from the nearest point on the East Coast of Africa. A population of over two millions is under the nominal rule of the dusky little boy in the illustration below. Dandi Chwa was left with a more peaceful inheritance than his father (King Mwanga) before him. Mwanga, who had little experience of the piping days of peace, fell upon evil days when he headed an insurrection in Buddu. His rising was put down, Mwanga fled to the neighbouring German territory, where he died in exile in 1903, and his little son was made King of Uganda, with a Native Council of Regency. One of the chief points of interest in Uganda is, of course, the railway, completed in 1901, connecting Victoria Nyanza with the coast at Mombasa. There is telegraphic communication between the termini, and also between Victoria Nyanza and Wadilai, on the Nile, five hundred miles distant.

Dandi Chwa, the little King of Uganda

FROM ABROAD.

The Argentine Revolt: Beautiful Buenos Ayres

The South American Republics have long been famous for the seething disaffection which permeates every class of their populations, and bursts forth every few months into open revolution. So long as it is a small, insignificant Republic which clears its political atmosphere with a revolutionary thunderstorm, the only intimation in England is a few lines in the newspapers. But in the case of the recent Argentine rebellion (revolution is the fashionable word out there), things are much more serious, and the effects are felt appreciably in this country. Not only do we depend largely upon Argentina for much of our meat supply, but a great many Argentine Government and Railway stocks are held by English investors, and the freaks of revolutionists—South American ones particularly—are apt to render the value of such stock somewhat precarious. The present revolution has, however, not gone far enough to warrant a pessimistic outlook, and, as we go to press, things have taken a quieter turn, owing to the prompt action taken by the authorities. Less than thirty years ago, Buenos Ayres, the centre of the present revolution, could boast of little beyond the fact that it was the federal capital of the Argentine Republic. Of pretentious public buildings, such as one naturally looks for in a capital, it had none, practically speaking, while the majority of the houses in which the residents lived were old, one-storied, Spanish-American erections, which were as ugly as they were comfortless. To-day, however, Buenos Ayres is regarded as one of the most modern and go-ahead cities in all America. With its imposing and beautiful buildings, spacious thoroughfares, up-to-date equipments, and rapidly increasing trade, the city attracts the attention of the world, and wins the admiration of visitors. This change and rapid development has been mainly brought about by the elaborate system of harbour works, which were completed in 1895 at a cost of £4,000,000. In addition to the cathedral, which is second in South America to that of Lima alone, Buenos Ayres possesses the Chapel of Santa Felicitas, with elaborate frescoes; an archbishop's palace; several public libraries and museums; and eleven hospitals; while twenty-five theatres and two opera houses cater for the public amusement. Altogether, Buenos Ayres is a city of which the natives have good reasons to feel proud, and it is quite too good to be wrecked by revolutionists.

Buenos Ayres: The Plaza Mayo

Buenos Ayres is built in squares of chessboard regularity, each side being 100 mètres long. Round the Plaza Mayo are grouped the Cathedral, Government House, and Congress. The population of the city is over 800,000

Buenos Ayres: One of the many splendid hotels

As five lines of railways have their termini in the city, good hotels are to be found in abundance

Palm Avenue (Palermo Park), Buenos Ayres

The city well answers to the description of a "Garden City," there being seventy-two parks, paseos, and plazas, within its limits

Buenos Ayres: The Avenida Mayo, one of the principal streets in the city

Paved with asphalte, and magnificently lighted by electricity, the Avenida Mayo, with its many fine restaurants, reminds the visitor very strongly of Paris

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The Popularity of the House

There is no doubt that the House of Commons is a popular body. It ought to be popular, of course, but it might so easily not be. It might be merely dull. After daily readings of Parliamentary Reports for some weeks many people think it is merely dull, which is a mistake. There are many dull Members in it no doubt, representing many dull constituencies; but it is impossible that seven hundred odd gentlemen, even if they are only odd in a numerical sense, should meet together in two Parties and oppose one another in the most cold-blooded manner about every subject under the sun, without contributing something to the gaiety of London. As a matter of fact, they often rouse as much interest as a Cup final.

"North Sea" Lee

Of re-assembled Members, surely one of the soberest at present should be Mr. Lee, Civil Lord of the Admiralty. He is one of those unhappy mortals who has learnt the nature of an Indiscretion. An Indiscretion is a curious thing, as Mr. Lee—if he reads the papers—must have found out. A diary of his Indiscretion, compiled during the past week, would have run as follows:

MONDAY.—Mr. Lee mentioned with regard to the re-arrangement of the fleets what is, of course, a well-known fact, that it was intended as a hint to Germany.

TUESDAY.—The German papers highly resent what we cannot but consider Mr. Lee's ill-advised reference to the new distribution of the Navy.

WEDNESDAY.—Now that German feeling has been thoroughly outraged, we imagine that Mr. Lee is satisfied with the results of his blazing Indiscretion.

THURSDAY.—We understand that German Anglophobes intend to make use of Mr. Lee's remarks to promote the rapid increase of the German Navy. We trust this will teach a subordinate Government official to hold his tongue about defensive movements in the future.

FRIDAY.—It is intolerable to think that the relations of two great countries should be strained to the snapping point by the total inability of a Government understrapper to keep a secret.

CORRECTED PROVERBS—No. VI.

"FIRST CATCH YOUR CAR, THEN COOK YOUR EVIDENCE"

Photo by *Newman*

Mentmore Towers, near Leighton Buzzard, Lord Rosebery's seat, where the King has been visiting

Our illustration shows the main drive and north front on the occasion of a meet of Lord Rothschild's staghounds

SATURDAY.—Mr. Lee has done his worst. He has not succeeded in starting Armageddon, but this can hardly be placed to his credit. It is merely the luck of a chatterbox that he is suspected of being, on the whole, inoffensive.

Russian Contradictions

Russian news has of late been various and contradictory. The Tsar is said to have shown a good deal of interest in some loyal workmen. Loyal workmen are evidently becoming rare enough to stimulate even the Tsar's jaded interests. General Kuropatkin has resigned definitely, indefinitely, and not at all. Reasons for his resignation have been cerebral anæmia, muscular rheumatism, and appendicitis. General Gripenberg has requested his soldiers to shoot him, and they have not done so, proving their mutinous condition. The Japanese have not done so either, but that may have been because they were not asked. It can hardly be because they are also mutinous. Poland has been "aflame," according to one paper, and quite orderly according to another. But perhaps "aflame" is only one of those picturesque words which depend for their meaning on the contents of a later telegram.

The Doubles of Father Gapon

Taken altogether, the movements of Father Gapon have been perhaps the most extraordinary of any man's. Seven towns disputed the honour of being Homer's birthplace: some seventy have been claimed as the hiding-place of Father Gapon. One correspondent has reason to know that he is concealed in Petersburg; others have seen him in Warsaw, Riga, and Helsingfors. He has also been lying *perdu* in Paris for some little time; and he landed at Dover the other day. It must be that Father Gapon has doubles like Mr. George Alexander.

Very Compulsory

An excellent reason for retaining Compulsory Greek has been given by a Headmaster. He set an essay to his sixth form on this very subject, and all the essayists, singularly enough, wrote warmly in favour of Greek as a compulsory subject. Could there—he now asks—be a better argument for its retention than is involved in the unanimous approval of these young students of the language? If we had not been at school, we should say that there could not be a better argument. As it is, we are

bound to recollect the fable of the Tiger who met the hare out walking, and stopped it to ask who, in the hare's opinion, was the King of the Beasts. The hare ingenuously remarked that, without doubt, the Tiger was. But it isn't.

War Office Trials

Mr. Arnold-Forster is never long without his trials. He is not the originator of the short rifle idea, but he will have to bear the heat and burden of it. Brevity, in the opinion of a good many experts, is not the soul of a rifle: in fact, it is a rifle's ruin. Why, then, should the War Office wish to arm the whole of our soldiery with the short weapon? Because a uniformity of rifle is a good thing for one reason. The infantryman will not be able to say in time of peace to the cavalryman, "I've got a longer rifle than you, boo!" thus angering the cavalryman; and in time of battle he will be able to lend the latter his cartridges, to have a shot or two if necessary, supposing the cavalryman to have run out.

Music Hath Charms

If Sousa and Dr. Torrey between them do not make us a musical nation, it will not be their fault. Dr. Torrey would like us to sing "all the time"; and his eloquence at the Albert Hall seems to have the effect of producing woodnotes wild and spasmodic among members of his audience. They are apt to burst into song at any moment, and have to be suppressed. After all, music has its proper occasions, even at the Albert Hall, where, as Mr. Alexander justly observes, it does not really matter whether you have a voice or not. Many musicians maintain, however, that it is a mistake to think that music under these circumstances has charms—even for the most savage breast.

Are We Musical?

It may, indeed, be that we are already a musical nation. Evidence for this seems forthcoming, from the fact that the L.C.C. has found itself unable to adopt the proposal to prohibit the blowing of horns and other musical instruments on vehicles between 9 p.m. and 6 a.m. on the south side of the Thames. Even at these lonely hours, our melodists will have their way, in scorn of those who would idly slumber.

Photo by *Advance Agency*

The new Rixer Automatic Machine Gun, with which the War Office is experimenting

The new rifle machine gun attracted the attention of the King when in Denmark last year, and although it is of Danish make, it is being brought forward by an English firm

The Way They Have in War

Of course, this object could be attained by arming everyone with the long rifle. But it seems that it is not so nice for the cavalryman to carry a long rifle as a short one, and not so nice for his horse, which would be the real carrier of the extra ounce or two. Hence the infantryman, who does not mind what he carries, is to be deprived of a couple of inches of barrel—with the result—say the experts—that the enemy in time of battle will say to him, "I've got a longer rifle than you, boo!" and will prove it by shooting him from a place of safety some miles out of range of the infantryman's short rifle. Uniformity is an excellent thing, which should not be discouraged in Secretaries of War, but it undoubtedly seems as though Mr. Arnold-Forster will have to think the matter over again, if he has time

A German Army Reform

We are not, it seems, the only Army Reformers in the world. A general order has just been issued in Germany, abolishing the single eyeglass throughout the Army. Private soldiers, it is believed, will not be greatly affected by this news, but many officers are already protesting that the cavalry charge of the future will never be the impressive thing it might have been under more favourable circumstances.

MINIMUS.

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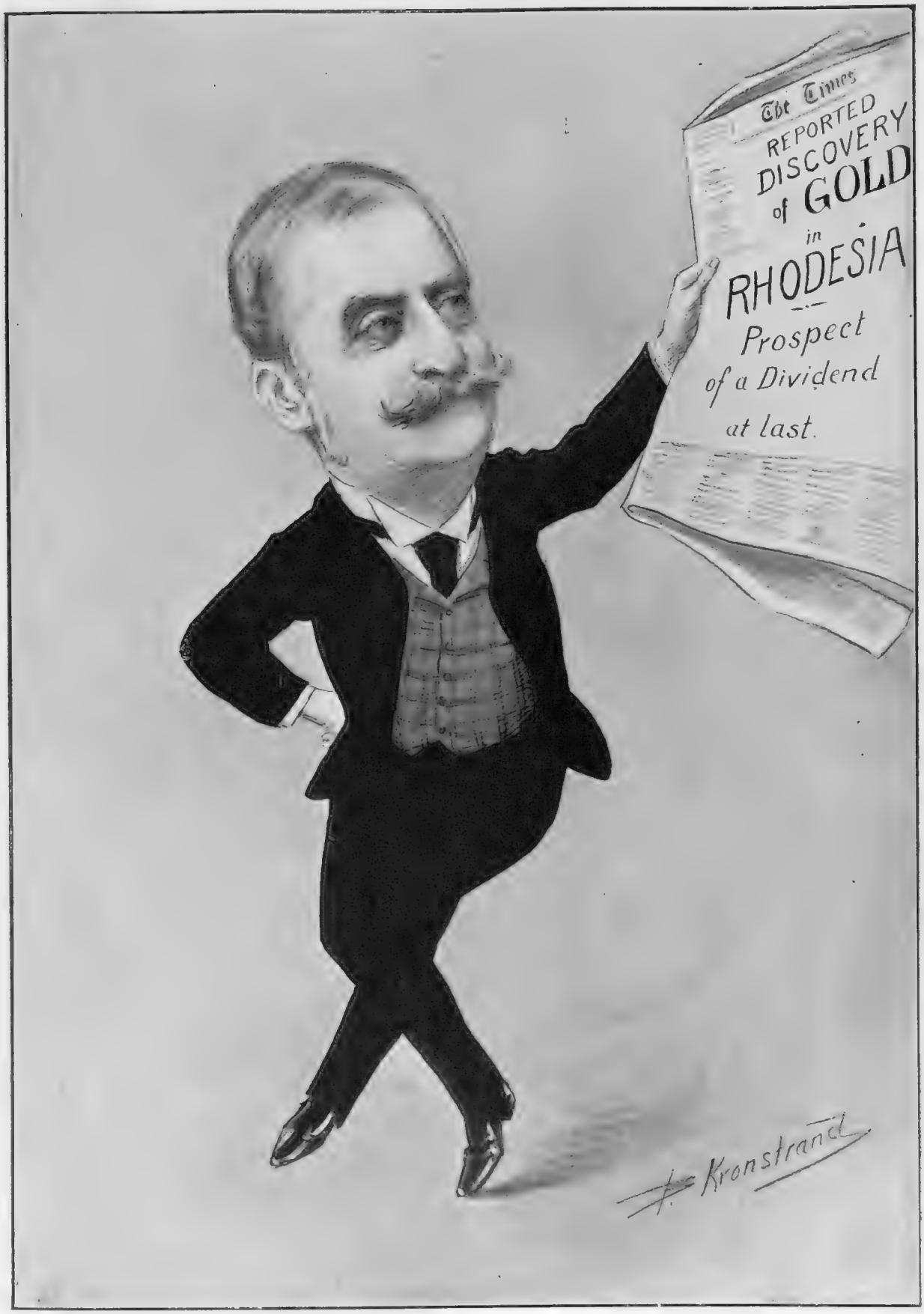

The Cheery Chairman of the British South Africa Company

An Elevating Question

HEARD IN THE LIFT AT THE STORES

YOUNG HOPEFUL: "Will it be like this going to Heaven, eh, Pa!'

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

OUR SHORT STORY

THE INFIDELITY OF MONSIEUR NOULENS

By LEONARD MERRICK

WHENEVER they talk of him, whom I will call "Noulens"—of his novels, his method, the eccentricities of his talent—some one is sure to say, "But what comrades, he and his wife! They are devoted to each other!" You are certain to hear it; and as often as I hear it myself, I think of what he told me that evening—I remember the shock I had.

At the beginning, I had expected little. When I went in, his wife said, "I fear he will be poor company; he has to write a short story for *La Voix*, and cannot find a theme—he has been beating his brains all day." So far from anticipating emotions, I had proposed dining there another night instead, but she would not allow me to leave: "Something you say may suggest a *motif* to him," she declared, "and he can write, or dictate, the story in an hour, when you have gone."

So I stayed, and after dinner he lay on the sofa, bewailing the fate that had made him an author. The salon communicated with his study, and through the open door he had the invitation of his writing table—the little sheaf of paper that she had put in readiness for him, the lighted lamp, the pile of cigarettes. I knew that she hoped the view would stimulate him, but it was soon apparent that he had ceased to think of a story altogether. He spoke of Antoine in his new part, of a book by Anatole France, of the *revue* at Parisiana. Then, in the hall, the telephone bell rang, and Madame rose to receive the message. "Allô! Allô!"

She did not come back. There was a pause, and presently he murmured:

"I wonder if a stranger has been moved to telephone a plot to me!"

"What?" I said.

"It sounds mad, *hein*? But it once happened—on just such a night as this, when my mind was just as blank. Really! Out of the silence a woman told me a beautiful story. Of course, I never used it, nor do I know if she made use of it herself; but I have never forgotten. For years I could not hear a telephone bell without trembling. Even now, when I am working late, I find myself hoping for her voice."

"The story was so wonderful as that?"

He threw a glance into the study, as if to assure himself that his wife had not entered it from the hall.

"Can you believe that a man may learn to love—tenderly and truly love—a woman he has never met?" he asked me.

"I don't think I understand you."

"There has been only one woman in my life who was all in all to me," he said, "and I never saw her."

How was I to answer? I looked at him.

"After all, what is there incredible in it?" he demanded. "Do we give our love to a face, or to a temperament? I swear to you that I could not have known that woman's temperament more intimately if we had made our confidences in each other's arms. I knew everything of her, except the trifles which a stranger learns in the moment of being presented—her height, her complexion, her name, whether she was married or single. No, those things I never knew. But her tastes, her sympathies, her soul, these, the secret truths of the woman, were as familiar to me as to herself."

He hesitated.

"I am in a difficulty. If I seem to disparage my wife, I shall be a cad; if I let you think we have been as happy together as people imagine, you will not understand the importance of what I am going to tell you. I will say this: before our honeymoon was over, I bored her fearfully. While we were engaged, I had talked to her of my illusions about herself; when we were married, I talked to her of my convictions about my art. The change appalled her. She was chilled, crushed, dumbfounded. I looked to her to share my interests. For response, she yawned—and wept.

"Oh, her tears! her hourly tears! the tears that drowned my love!

"The philosoper is made, not born; in the first few years I rebelled furiously. I wanted a companion, a confidante, and I had never felt so deperately alone.

"We had a flat in the Rue de Sontay then, and the telephone was in my work-room. One night, late, as I sat brooding there, the bell startled me; and a voice—a woman's voice—said:

"'I am so lonely; I want to talk to you before I sleep.'

"I cannot describe the strangeness of that appeal, reaching me so suddenly out of the distance. I knew that it was a mistake, of course, but it was as if, away in the city, some nameless soul had echoed the cry in my own heart. I obeyed an impulse; I said:

"'I, too, am very lonely—I believe I have been waiting for you.'

"There was a pause, and then she asked, dismayed:

"'Who are you?'

"'Not the man you thought,' I told her. 'But a very wistful one.'

"I heard soft laughter. 'How absurd!' she murmured.

"'Be merciful,' I went on; 'we are both sad, and Fate clearly intends us to console each other. It

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cannot compromise you, for I do not even know who you are. Stay and talk to me for five minutes.'

"'What do you ask me to talk about?'

"'Oh, the subject to interest us both—yourself.'

"After a moment she answered, 'I am shaking my head.'

"'It is very unfeeling of you,' I said. 'And I have not even the compensation of seeing you do it.'

"Imagine another pause, and then her voice in my ear again:

"'I will tell you what I can do for you—I can tell you a story.'

"'The truth would please me more,' I owned. 'Still, if my choice must be made between your story and your silence, certainly I choose the story.'

"'I applaud your taste,' she said. 'Are you comfortable—are you sitting down?'

"I sat down smiling; 'Madame——'

"She did not reply.

"Then, 'Mademoiselle——'

"Again no answer.

"'Well, say, at least, if I have your permission to smoke while I listen to you?'

"She laughed; 'You carry courtesy far!'

"'How far?' I asked quickly.

"But she would not even hint from what neighbourhood she was speaking to me. 'Attend!' she commanded—and began:

"'It is the story of two lovers,' she said, 'Paul and Rosamonde. They were to have married, but Rosamonde died too soon. When she was dying, she gave him a curl of the beautiful brown hair that he used to kiss. "*Au revoir*, dear love," she whispered; "it will be very stupid in Heaven until you come. Remember that I am waiting for you, and be faithful. If your love for me fades, you will see that curl of mine fade too."

"'Every day through the winter Paul strewed flowers on her tomb, and sobbed. And in the spring he strewed flowers, and sighed. And in the summer he paid that flowers might be strewn there for him. Sometimes, when he looked at the dead girl's hair, he thought that it was paler than it had been, but, as he looked at it seldom now, he could easily persuade himself that he was mistaken.

"'Then he met a woman who made him happy again; and the wind chased the withered flowers from Rosamonde's grave, and left it bare. One day Paul's wife found a little packet that lay forgotten in his desk; she opened it jealously, before he could prevent her. Paul feared that the sight would give her pain, and watched her with anxious eyes. But in a moment she was laughing. "What an idiot I am," she exclaimed. "I was afraid that it was the hair of some girl you had loved!" The curl was snow-white.'

"Her fantastic tale," continued Noulens, "which was told with an earnestness that I cannot reproduce, impressed me very much. I did not offer any criticism, I did not pay her any compliment; I said simply:

"'Who are you?'

"'That,' she warned me, 'is a question that you must not ask. Well, are you still bored?'

"'No.'

"'A little interested?'

"'Very.'

"'I, too, am feeling happier than I did. And now, adieu!'

"'Wait,' I begged. 'Tell me when I shall speak to you again.'

"She hesitated; and I assure you that I had never waited for a woman's answer with more suspense while I held her hand, than I waited for the answer of this woman whom I could not see. 'To-morrow?' I urged. 'In the morning?'

"'In the morning it would be difficult.'

"'The afternoon?'

"'In the afternoon it would be impossible.'

"'Then the evening—at the same hour?'

"'Perhaps,' she faltered, 'if I am free.'

"'My number,' I told her, 'is five-five-two-nought-nine. Can you write it now?'

"'I have written it.'

"'Please repeat, so that there may be no mistake.'

"'Five-five-two-nought-nine. Correct?'

"'Correct. I am grateful.'

"'Good night.'

"'Good night. Sleep well.'

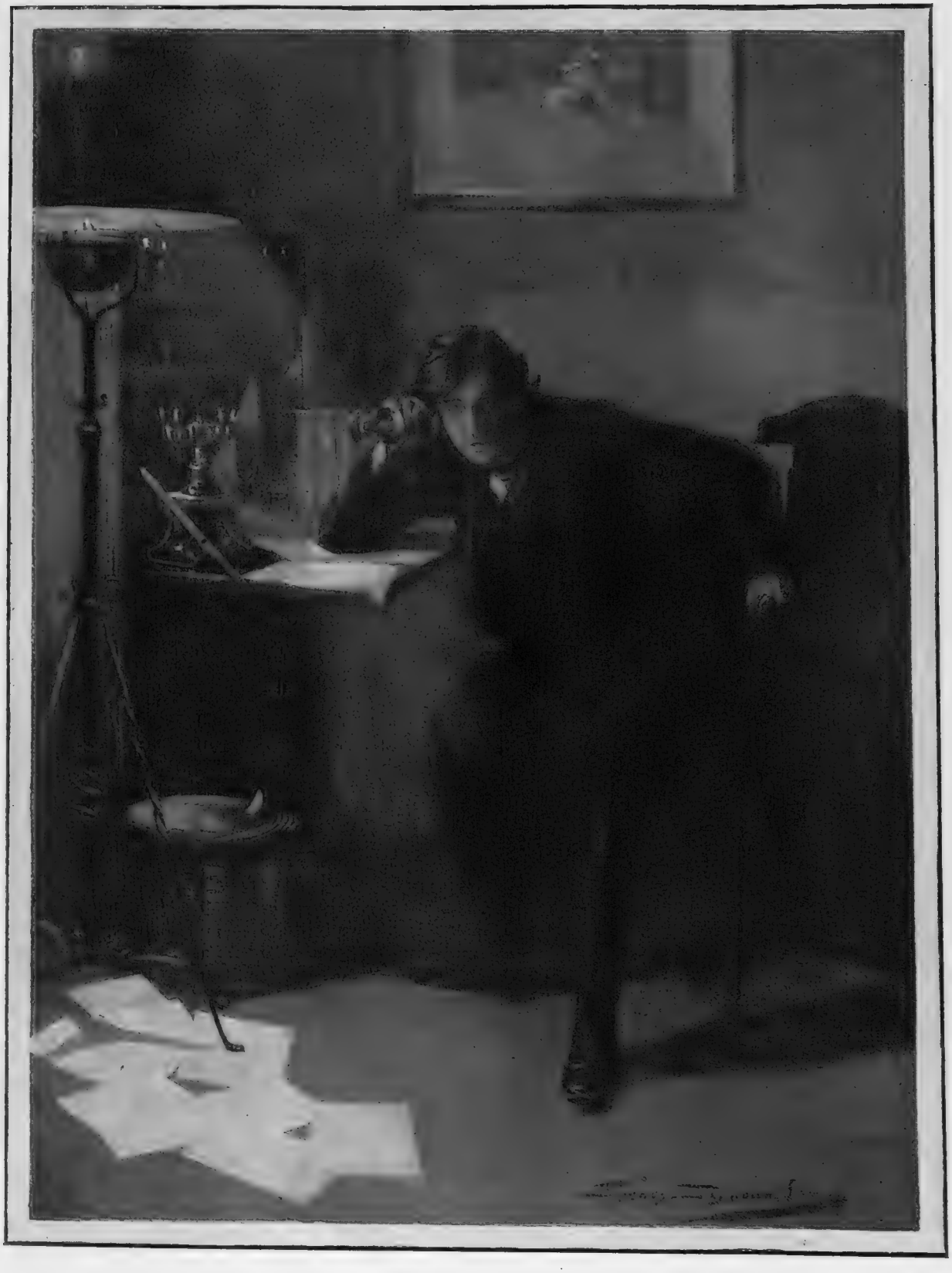
"You may suppose that on the morrow I remembered the incident with a smile, that I ridiculed the emotion it had roused in me? You would be wrong. I recalled it more and more curiously; I found myself looking forward to the appointment with an eagerness that was astonishing. We had talked for about twenty minutes, hidden from each other—half Paris, perhaps, dividing us; I had nothing more tangible to expect this evening. Yet I experienced all the sensations of a man who waits for an interview, for an embrace. What did it mean? I was bewildered. The possibility of love at first sight I understood; but might the spirit also recognise an affinity by telephone?

"There is a phrase in *feuilletons* that had always irritated me—'To his impatience it seemed that the clock had stopped.' It had always struck me as absurd. Since that evening I have never condemned the phrase, for, honestly, I thought more than once that the clock had stopped. By-and-by, to increase the tension, my wife, who seldom entered my workroom, opened the door. She found me idle, and was moved to converse with me. *Mon Dieu!* Now that the hour approached at last, Madame was present, with the air of having settled herself for the night!

"The hands of the clock moved on—and always faster now. If she remained till the bell rang, what was I to do? To answer that I had 'some one with me' would be intelligible to the lady, but it would sound suspicious to my wife. To answer that I was 'busy' would sound innocent to my wife, but it would be insulting to the lady. To disregard the bell altogether would be to let Madame go to the telephone herself! I tell you I perspired.

"Under Providence, our cook rescued me. There came a timid knock, and then the figure of the cook, her eyes inflamed, her head swathed in some extraordinary garment. She had a raging toothache—would Madame have the kindness to give her a little cognac? The ailments of the cook always arouse in human nature more solicitude than the ailments of any other servant. Madame's sympathy was active—I was saved!

(*Continued on page 357*)



"Six words! But for a moment I had no breath, no life, to answer them"

The Rising Generation in "Legitimate Drama"

Photo by *Bassano*

Miss Viola Tree

Who is taking the part of Hero in *Much Ado About Nothing*, at His Majesty's Theatre, after her recent illness, and will appear in *Agatha*, Tuesday, March 7

The Rising Generation in "Legitimate Drama"

Photo by *Bassano*

Miss Maud Fealy

Sir Henry Irving's leading lady, who has won golden opinions for her Rosalind in *As You Like It*

Photo by *Bassano*

Backgrounds in Photography: Miss Gertie Millar, of the Gaiety, hits upon a novel idea

This effective setting of Miss Millar's latest photograph is a relief from the conventional "property" backgrounds, which have not yet been abolished, such as Italian terraces, pier-heads, and the decks of nameless vessels

(Continued from page 352)

"The door had scarcely closed when *tr-r-r-r-ng* the signal came.

"'Good evening,' from the voice. 'So you are here to meet me.'

"'Good evening,' I said. 'I would willingly go further to meet you.'

"'Be thankful that the rendezvous was your flat—listen to the rain! Come, own that you congratulated yourself when it began! "Luckily, I can be gallant without getting wet," you thought. Really, I am most considerate—you keep a dry skin, you waste no time in reaching me, and you need not even trouble to change your coat.'

"'It sounds very cosy,' I admitted; 'but there is one drawback to it all—I do not see you.'

"'That may be more considerate of me still! I may be reluctant to banish your illusions. Isn't it probable that I am plain—or, at least, elderly? I may even be an authoress, with ink on her fingers. By-the-by, monsieur, I have been re-reading one of your books since last night.'

"'Oh, you know my name now? I am gratified to have become more than a telephonic address to you. May I ask if we have ever met?'

"'We never spoke till last night, but I have seen you often.'

"'You, at any rate, can have no illusions to be banished. What a relief! I have endeavoured to talk as if I had a romantic bearing; now that you know how I look, I can be myself.'

"'I await your next words with terror,' she said. 'What shock is in store for me? Speak gently.'

"'Well, speaking gently, I am very glad that you were put on to the wrong number last night. At the same time, I feel a constraint, a difficulty; I cannot talk to you frankly, cannot be serious—it is as if I showed my face while you were masked.'

"'Yes, it is true—I understand,' she said. 'And even if I were to swear that I was not unworthy of your frankness, you would still be doubtful of me, I suppose.'

"'Madame——'

"'Oh, it is natural! I know very well how I must appear to you,' she exclaimed; 'a coquette, with a new pastime—a vulgar coquette besides, who tries to pique your interest by an air of mystery. Believe me, monsieur, I am forbidden to unmask. Think lightly of me if you must—I have no right to complain—but believe as much as that. I do not give you my name, simply because I may not.'

"'Madame,' I replied, 'so far from wishing to force your confidence, I assure you that I will never inquire who you are, never try to find out.'

"'And you will talk frankly, unconstrainedly, all the same?'

"'Ah, you are too illogical to be elderly and plain,' I demurred. 'You resolve to remain a stranger to me—and I bow to your decision—but, on the other hand, a man makes confidences only to his friends.'

"There was a long pause; and when I heard the voice again, it trembled:

"'Adieu, monsieur.'

"'Adieu, madame,' I said.

"No sooner was she gone, than I would have given almost anything to bring her back. For a long while I sat praying that she would ring again. I watched the telephone as if it had been her window, the door of her home—something that could yield her to my view. During the next few days I grudged every minute that I was absent from the room. I took my meals in it. Never had I had the air of working so indefatigably, and in truth I did not write a line. 'I suppose you have begun a new romance?' said my wife. In my soul I feared that I had finished it!"

Noulens sighed; he clasped his hands on his head. The dark hair, the thin, restless fingers were all that I could see of him where I sat. Some seconds passed; I wondered whether there would be time for me to hear the rest before his wife returned.

"In my soul I feared that I had finished it," he repeated. "Extraordinary as it appears, I was in love with a woman I had never seen. Each time that bell sounded, my heart seemed to try to choke me. It had been my grievance, since we had the telephone installed, that we heard nothing of it excepting that we owed another cheque for its use; but now, by a maddening coincidence, everybody I had ever met took to ringing me up about trifles, and agitating me twenty times a day.

"At last, one night—when expectation was almost dead—she called to me again. Oh, but her voice was humble! My friend, it is piteous when we love a woman, to hear her humbled. I longed to take her hands, to fold my arms about her. I abased myself, that she might regain her pride. She heard how I had missed and sorrowed for her; I owned that she was dear to me.

"And then began a companionship—strange as you may find the word—which was the sweetest my life has held. We talked together daily. This woman, whose whereabouts, whose face, whose name were all unknown to me, became the confidante of my disappointments and my hopes. If I worked well, my thought would be, 'To-night I shall have good news to give her;' if I worked ill—'Never mind, by-and-by she will encourage me!' There was not a page in my next novel that I did not read to her; never a doubt beset me in which I did not turn for her sympathy and advice.

"'Well, how have you got on?'

"'Oh, I am so troubled this evening, dear!'

"'Poor fellow! Tell me all about it. I tried to come to you sooner, but I couldn't get away.'

"Like that! We talked as if she were really with me. My life was no longer desolate; the indifference in my home no longer grieved me. All the interest, the love, the inspiration I had hungered for, was now given to me by a woman who had remained invisible."

Noulens paused again. In the pause I got up to light a cigarette, and—I shall never forget it!—I saw the bowed figure of his wife beyond the study door. It was only a glimpse I had, but the glimpse was enough to make my heart stand still—she leant over the table, her face hidden by her hand.

I tried to warn, to signal to him—he did not see me. I could do nothing—nothing at all—without doubling her humiliation by the knowledge that I had witnessed it. If he would only look at me!

"Listen," he went on rapidly. "I was happy. I was young again—and there was a night when she said to me, 'It is for the last time.'

"Six words! But for a moment I had no breath, no life, to answer them.

"'Speak!' she cried out. 'You are frightening me!'

"'What has happened?' I stammered 'Trust me, I implore you!'

"I heard her sobbing—and minutes seemed to pass. It was horrible. I thought my heart would burst while I shuddered at her sobs—the sobbing of a woman I could not reach.

"'I can tell you nothing,' she said, when she was calmer; 'only that we are speaking together for the last time.'

"'But why—why? Is it that you are leaving France?'

"'I cannot tell you,' she repeated. 'I have had to swear that to myself.'

"Oh, I raved to her! I was desperate. I tried to wring her name from her then—I besought her to confess where she was hidden. The space between us frenzied me. It was frightful, it was like a nightmare, that struggle to tear the truth from a woman whom I could not clasp or see.

"'My dear,' she said, 'there are some things that are beyond human power. They are not merely difficult, or unwise, or mad—they are impossible. *You* have begged the impossible of *me*. You will never hear me again, it is far from likely we shall ever meet—and if one day we do, you will not even know that it is I. But—I love you. I should like to think that you believe it, for I love you very dearly. Now say "good-bye" to me. My arms are round your neck, dear heart—I kiss you on the lips.'

"It was the end. She was lost. A moment before I had felt her presence in my senses; now I stood in an empty room, mocked by a futile apparatus. My friend, if you have ever yearned to see a woman whose whereabouts you did not know—ever exhausted yourself tramping some district in the hope of finding her—you may realise what I feel; for, remember, that by comparison your task was easy—I am even ignorant of this woman's arrondissement and appearance. She left me helpless. The telephone had given her—the telephone had taken her away. All that remained to me was the mechanism on a table."

Noulens turned on the couch at last; and, turning, he could not fail to see his wife. I was spellbound.

"'Mechanism on a table,' he repeated, with a prodigious yawn of relief. "That is all. If thou hast written it, my own, the story is finished!"

"Good!" said Madame cheerily. She bustled in, fluttering pages of shorthand. "But I complain, old angel, that the tale of Paul and Rosamonde is thrown away—it is an extravagance, telling two tales for the price of one."

"You are right, my soul. But, on the other hand, thou knowest that I invented it months ago, and could not make it long enough for it to be of any use."

"That is true," she agreed. "Well, we will be liberal, then—we will include it!" She noticed my amazement. "What ails monsieur?"

Noulens gave a guffaw. "I am afraid monsieur did not recognise that I was dictating to you," he chuckled. "By-the-by, it was fortunate that some one telephoned to us just now—that started my plot for me! Who was it?"

"It was *La Voix*," she laughed, "inquiring if the story would be done in time!"

Oh, yes, indeed, they are comrades, those two—you are certain to hear it! As often as I hear it myself, I think of what he told me that evening—I remember how he took me in.

LEONARD MERRICK.

A WESTMINSTER VALENTINE

FROM THE GOVERNMENT TO THE BRITISH VOTER

Oh! darling British voter,
We've come from far and near,
By steamship, rail, or motor,
To meet in Session here;
But every heart is aching
Lest you should turn away,
Conservatives forsaking
For Liberal charms to-day!

Five years we've pulled together,
And passed full many a Bill,
No matter why, or whether
Results were good or ill;
In bonds of love, grown stronger,
Sweetheart, to us incline,
And be for five years longer
Our own true VALENTINE!

We've tried, with careful steering,
With Fiscal Schemes and such,
To please you, but we're fearing
You haven't liked them much;
Perchance on Education
Our views you do not share,
But thoughts of separation
Are VERY hard to bear!

Your Income-tax at pleasure
We've raised, but still protest
In every foolish measure
We've acted for the best;
At least, your Army newly
We've patched up, you'll agree,
And built you ships that TRULY
Can ride and rule the sea!

If matchless elocution
In vain we now exert,
And threatened Dissolution
Our skill may not avert,—
Oh! at the next Election
Vote as in days of yore,
And be, with TRIED affection,
Our VALENTINE once more!

Sportsman: "Did I hit anything?"

Keeper *(drily)*: "Don't think so, sir. There wasn't anything in sight but the birds"

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava." By Sir Alfred Lyall. The authorised biography, in 2 vols. (John Murray: 36*s.* net.)

"A Modern Campaign." By David Fraser. A narrative of the War in the Far East by the *Times* correspondent, who ran the wireless telegraphy system on the despatch boat *Haimun*. Illustrated. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Lhasa: The Tibet Expedition." By Perceval Landon. With an introduction by Colonel Younghusband. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett: £2 2*s.* net.)

"Port Arthur: Three Months with the Besiegers." By Frederic Villiers. (Longmans and Co.: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Royal and Historic Gloves and Shoes." Illustrated and described by W. B. Redfern. (Methuen and Co.: £2 2*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Golden Bowl." By Henry James. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Peter's Mother." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

"A New Paolo and Francesca." By Annie E. Holdsworth. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"The Bell in the Fog." By Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan and Co.: 6*s.*)

"Before the Crisis." By F. B. Mott. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"The Woman-Stealers." By J. J. Knight-Adkin. (Isbister and Co.: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The Latest Books

Port Arthur:
Three Months with the Besiegers
By Frederic Villiers
(Longmans and Co.: 7s. 6d. net)

Mr. Frederic Villiers is too old a hand not to be able to invest with great interest his narrative of daily events during three months of the long battering at the walls of Port Arthur. But it must be admitted that his book suffers greatly from the fact that it stops short of the crowning point of the surrender. Mr. Villiers had left the scene of the siege before the event that would have made his story one of the most exciting of the year, and now that that event is history not of the most recent, a "Diurnal of Occurrents," that seems to be leading up to it, but never reaches it, is liable to fall rather flat. Still, there are pages in this journal of the most thrilling interest, and one is forced again into wondering admiration of the intrepid tenacity of the besiegers, with whom Mr. Villiers was in daily contact during three months of last summer. The gallant deeds done before the fort on the hill Ban-u-san are like a page out of the old days of warfare, and are described in a way such as to thrill the blood. One cannot help wishing, while reading this part of the narrative, and others like it, that the author's outlook had been wider, and that his graphic pen could have exercised itself on more scenes of this sort. For a great deal of the book is taken up with matters of no importance, which a writer, even of the skill of Mr. Villiers, hardly succeeds in making readable. A word must be said of the drawings and photographs, which are more realistic than anything that has yet appeared in book form concerning the fighting in Manchuria.

The Woman-Stealers
By J. H. Knight-Adkin
(Isbister and Co.: 3s. 6d.)

In this series of tales, Mr. Adkin has repeopled the South West of England with Lake-dwellers and Earth-dwellers, and in his accounts of the struggles between these hereditary enemies and the wild beasts of forest and marsh, has provided some excellent stories. One sees something of the cruelty of life in those far-off days, as well as of the primitive passions and heroisms of man just emerging from his savage state. One pictures also the wide wastes, the bleak uplands, and the savage woods of that half-submerged England, and thrown skilfully on to this carefully prepared background are scenes which show genuine power and invention. There is no falling off in the interest of these ten tales, but each is as thrilling and vivid as the one before.

Royal and Historic Gloves and Shoes
Illustrated and described by W. B. Redfern
(Methuen and Co.: £2 2s. net)

Mr. W. B. Redfern is well known to many generations of Cambridge men as a diligent and expert collector of curios, and this sumptuous volume, with its beautifully reproduced plates, coloured and otherwise, is a valuable record of one of his many hobbies. He has ransacked many public and private collections for his subjects, in which he has left little to be said, or to be shown, by future authorities.

The Bell in the Fog
By Gertrude Atherton
(Macmillan and Co.: 6s.)

The ten stories which make up this volume are dedicated to Mr. Henry James, and perhaps we should not be far wrong in recognising a portrait of that master of subtlety in the hero of the first of them: "His Subtleties," we learn of Ralph Orth, the American author, "might not always be understood—indeed, as a rule, they were not—but the musical mystery of his language, and the penetrating charm of his lofty and cultivated mind induced raptures in the initiated, for ever denied to those who failed to appreciate him." And the story in which this cleverly drawn character finds himself involved is one that perhaps only Mr. Henry James could do complete justice, unless it were Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for it recalls in some respects the most successful of the tales in "Traffics and Discoveries." Mrs. Atherton, however, has handled it with a skill that leaves little to be desired, and going on from the first to the second, and so through the book, one is forced to the opinion that here is a series of tales that only just stop short of the very best. Perhaps "The Dead and the Countess" reaches the best, and may be considered as one of the few short stories worth remembering in a generation. It is certainly marvellously effective, both in its telling and in its startling denouement. Mrs. Atherton has done work far above the average before, but there are one or two tales in this collection that bring her very close to the company of the immortals.

Before the Crisis
By F. B. Mott
(John Lane: 6s.)

The Crisis, to which Mr. Mott's book is a prelude, is that dealt with in Mr. Winston Churchill's work, and it is a pity that the author's scheme does not allow of his covering the same ground, for his descriptions of the early skirmishes of John Brown and his band of heroes, are so vivid, that they seem to require a continuation. As it is, the story closes before the bursting of the great storm, and, as far as the historic characters that take part in it are concerned, is incomplete. But, none the less, it is a fine story, admirably told. Its hero, Oliver Wentworth, is a young Bostonian, whose nature has caught the Abolitionist fire, and its heroine, a young girl, the daughter of a Southern rector, brought up to believe that slavery is an institution designed by God. Adventures follow one another closely, and leave never a dull page until the two come together at last on the brink of the great struggle to which Wentworth devotes his life, his wife converted to his side. The strange doings of that time, so near and yet so far from our own, are brought before the reader with never-failing vividness, and a sureness of touch that places the author high amongst living writers of historical romance.

Books to Appear Shortly

A romantic story from real history will be told in the life of *Wilhelmina: Margravine of Beyrouth*, by Edith Cuthell, which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have in preparation. Wilhelmina's matrimonial troubles will be familiar to every student of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," whose devoted sister she was. "Their truthful love to one another," says Carlyle, "is probably the brightest element their life yielded to either of them"—though it must be confessed that Frederick snubbed her abominably after her marriage, turning up his royal nose at her little Court in Beyrouth. Poor Wilhelmina! It was not her fault that she had so small a part to play in the Courts of Europe in these days. "Never in any romance or stage-play," as Carlyle puts it, "was young lady, without blame, without furtherance, and without hindrance of her own, so tormented about a settlement in life; passive she, all the while, mere clay in the hands of the potter; and begging the Universe to have the extreme goodness only to leave her alone!"

It was only by keeping her a close prisoner in the Berlin Palace, and bringing every possible pressure to bear upon her, that the King obtained her distracted consent to the marriage. Carlyle says that her husband proved better than she expected; yet, some time after his marriage, he seems to have transferred his affections to one of her maids-in-waiting. Wilhelmina deserved a far better fate than that, for she was a warm-hearted, clever woman, made an excellent Margravine, and it was largely due to her influence that the fortunes of the town of Beyrouth were founded. New light should be thrown on her career by the forthcoming memoir, which has been written from documents hitherto unknown.

The *Letters to "Ivy" from the First Earl of Dudley*, which Messrs. Longmans have in the press—under the editorship of Mr. Samuel H. Romilly—are nearly a hundred years' old, and were long supposed to have been destroyed. "Ivy" was the second wife of Professor Dugald Stewart, one of Scotland's foremost philosophers; a clever and charming woman, she made her husband's house the social centre of Edinburgh, and her intimate friendship with the Earl of Dudley lasted throughout his life. Dudley, who became Canning's mouthpiece as Foreign Minister in 1827, never married. He was a man of considerable ability, and many eccentricities. Numerous stories are told of his absence of mind, one of which is to the effect that shortly before Navarino he enclosed a despatch intended for the French Ambassador in the envelope addressed to the Russian Ambassador. It was quite unintentional, but Prince Lieven, who returned it with a note saying that, of course, he had not read it, was struck by what he considered to be a fine piece of diplomatic trickery, and Dudley rose in his estimation tremendously. A few years later, however, Dudley's behaviour became so strange that he was placed under restraint, and he died after a stroke of paralysis in 1833.

Two new novels, to be published by Messrs. Methuen next week, are sure to be numbered among the popular books of the season—*Mrs. Galer's Business*, by Mr. Pett Ridge, a characteristic story of a good-tempered, energetic little woman of Clerkenwell, devoted to her boy, and to the laundry business; and *The Castle of the Shadows*, by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, a sensational romance, which opens on the Riviera, where the heroine, an American heiress, visits an old château, and learns of sinister events which have happened there. To right what she suspects is a great wrong, she equips an expedition to the French penal settlement in New Caledonia, and, naturally, meets with all kinds of exciting adventures. Here the escape of a convict leads to love and the wedding bells.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

How to Read Books

This was the subject of discussion at a gathering of literary men the other night, but I fear that none of us were much the wiser at the end of it. The net result seemed to be, "Please yourself." Yet, in these days of multitudinous books, it is a matter that is worthy of serious consideration. An eminent editor quoted "some obscure French critic," who said, "When a new book comes out, read an old one." As it was Hazlitt who said so, one has a suspicion that this editor does not read even the old books! But it is a foolish quotation, and misleading. Hazlitt would have been the last man to advise the deliberate neglect of contemporary authors: he read widely of his contemporaries, and wrote much about them, to boot. The suggestion is, that we must not let the living writers entirely usurp the places of the dead in our reading, but that we should be continually enriching our minds with the wisdom of the great authors who have passed away, while keeping in touch with the spirit of our own age. To do this, some well-ordered system of reading is essential. I have known ladies who devoured as many as three novels in a day, and one wonder of her sex assured me that she read "The Egoist" in a train journey from Peterborough to London! I have read most of Mr. Meredith's books, and I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that each, on an average, took my leisure hours for eight or nine days. Mr. Charles Legras, the French critic, has aptly pointed out that we have to live so long in the company of the characters of any of Mr. Meredith's novels—he puts it at fifteen days—that it is no wonder we remember them. I know a journalist who alleges that he read through Boswell's "Johnson" one Sunday. I don't believe him. But for the average modern novel three or four hours should be ample allowance. I read thoroughly the "Prodigal Son," and wrote a column of a daily newspaper on it, in one day; but that was conscientious reviewing! Some reviewers confess to polishing off half-a-dozen books in a day. Yet even that may be done quite honestly, for it is possible, by closely studying the first few chapters, to get into touch with an author, and then to skim lightly through the remainder with an eye to the evolution of the plot only. This I recommend as no bad plan to those who wish to keep in touch with current fiction, while giving the solid stretches of their leisure to the standard authors

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. J. A. Steuart

Whose new novel, "The Rebel Wooing," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Mr. J. A. Steuart

The contemporary novelists who are worth reading for their literary style and insight into life and character are so few, compared with the many who are good enough for the idle hour and may be treated in the way I have suggested, that the intelligent reader will soon discover them for himself, and will be anxious to bear them longer company. I will venture to place among the few Mr. J. A. Steuart, whose new novel, "The Rebel Wooing," has just been issued by Messrs. Hutchinson. Here, as in most of the same writer's works, character is of the essence of the work, but, perhaps, more than usual with him, the story is also strong, dramatic, important. Mr. Steuart has had a brilliant and varied career in journalism and authorship, both in America and at home, although he is still a comparatively young man, in his early forties. A Highlander by birth, he began life as a bank clerk, and in that capacity had some exciting times in the early days of Winnipeg. He took to journalism in the States, and later settled in London as correspondent for one of the leading dailies of America. Since his great popular hit with "Wine on the Lees," some five years ago, he has given himself entirely to novel-writing. My first acquaintance with his work dates back fifteen years, when he published that most excellent piece of contemporary criticism, "Letters to Living Authors," from which I am persuaded he might have taken a foremost place as a critic if he had cared to pursue that vein. I incline to think that his best book still remains "The Minister of State," which had an enthusiastic welcome from the critics in 1898, and drew forth a whole-hearted eulogy from Mr. Meredith. "From the first chapter to the last I ran with it eagerly," wrote the master. "It is an achievement to make the building of a Crichton credible, and your Grecian, the Dominie, is the best of his kind that I know." It is no surprise to me that Mr. Steuart's novels command a steady and enduring sale, as they are earnest and artistic, informed with a strong and individual personality. A large, cheap edition of "The Minister of State" was quickly taken up last autumn, and I notice that a special edition has just been issued for Canada. This happens to few modern novels after seven years.

A Novelist on Novels

Our novelists are not always, nor often, illuminating critics of novels. I have been puzzling a good deal over some remarks of Mr. Anthony Hope's, given in the report of a recent lecture. Let me quote them:

> The older school, when its philosophy was explicit, kept it out of the current of the story, and confined it to prefaces or digressions; the modern novelist expounds it through his characters and situations. "Tom Jones," for instance, or a novel of Thackeray's or Trollope's, is primarily about people and events; the leading question is, "What happened?" The typical modern novel is primarily about a subject, a thesis, or an inquiry, and the leading question is, "Why did this happen?" or "What view can we take of a world in which such things did, or must, happen?"

Now, I have heard this gifted author since repeat the drift of the above in an address to an audience of literary workers; but I am still unconvinced. I submit, that character—that is, the interestingness of persons introduced in a fiction—is the very salt of all good novels, and it is emphatically so in the writers named by Mr. Hope. Our question in respect to their stories is not so much "What happened?" as "What did Sophia Western, or Kate Woodward, or Pendennis, do?" We are interested in the event only as it helps us to see deeper into the nature of the characters affected by it, and in this regard I can find no difference between the best of living writers and the great novelists of the past. Mr. Hope's view of the old writers would lift Mr. Guy Boothy into harmony with them, or any other modern writer of the melodramatic sort. Mr. Maurice Hewlett considers that the novelist who fathers (or rather, mothers) a character, say a Sherlock Holmes, a Captain Kettle, or a Dr. Nikola, is the real creative artist; but it would be easy to expose the fallacy of this in its general application. A professor at the gathering I have mentioned above said he only read books in which he found the characters agreeable, such as he would like to meet. This is the most inept criticism of fiction I have ever heard. As a matter of fact, the villains are nearly always the most interesting, as they are in real life. Would you willingly have had John Silver in your house over night? Yet is not he one of the most delightful scoundrels you ever met in the pages of romance?

Photo by Kate Pragnell

Mrs. Alice Meynell

Our foremost woman poet, whose first book of verse appeared thirty years ago

Mrs. Alice Meynell

I have pleasure in adding to my gallery of literary celebrities, a new portrait of Mrs. Alice Meynell, the charm of whose work and personality has so long appealed to the more cultured section of the reading public. She is one of two singularly gifted sisters, the other being Lady Butler (Elizabeth Thompson), the celebrated painter, whose "Roll Call" has carried her fame throughout the world. Mrs. Meynell is surely the greatest of living women poets, and her devotion to the muse dates from her youth, for it is just thirty years since she published her first volume of verse, fitly entitled, "Preludes." Ruskin, Rossetti, Tennyson, Meredith, all spoke of the little book with unstinted praise, and from then till now Mrs. Meynell has never ceased to command the affection of those who can appreciate good poetry. Much of her early life was passed in Italy, on which she has written with great charm, and perhaps the influence of place had something to do with her joining the Church of Rome, to whose cause her husband, first as editor of the *Weekly Register*, then of *Merrie England*, and as an always busy journalist, has devoted his talents. For many years the home of the Meynells, in Palace Court, has been the centre of a literary coterie to the lustre of which most of our distinguished *litterateurs* have contributed. The literary salon, once so strong in Paris, has never been acclimatised in London, but the best features of it have been reproduced at Mrs. Meynell's. Patmore was one of her greatest admirers. "No woman ever has been such a poet," he wrote; "probably no woman ever will be." As her appeal is necessarily to the lesser audience, it speaks well for modern journalism that so much of her best work should have appeared in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* as "The Wares of Autolycus."

Odds and Ends

It has been pointed out to me that Mr. Rider Haggard wrote only the introduction to "The King's Homeland," to which I referred the other week in my note on Mr. Gordon Home. The book is from the pen of that talented writer on East Anglia, Mr. W. A. Dutt.—I have to thank "M. E. S.," and others, for giving me the reference to the lines, "For old, unhappy, far-off things," etc. They are from Wordsworth's lyric, "The Solitary Reaper." The epithet "unhappy," in this connection, is so like Tennyson, that I had searched his poems for the quotation, but in vain, for an excellent reason.—Referring to Dr. Japp's correction of my Stevenson quotation, I am now in a position to state that the word R. L. S. wrote *was* "howes" and not "homes," as Dr. Japp would have it. A photographic reproduction of the original, which appears in the illustrated edition of "The Stickit Minister," proves this. Why, oh why, will people presume to correct others without "verifying their references"?

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE ELTHAM GOLF CLUB

The foundation of the Eltham Golf Club in 1892 dates back to the time when the boom of golf in the South was at the beginning of its rise. Up to that time Metropolitan players were practically limited for their game to Blackheath and Wimbledon. Good as both these courses are, they are not large enough to satisfy the needs of a great town. Besides which, neither of these courses are private, and on the latter, play is only allowed thrice a week. Consequently, the increasing circle of golfers began to look out for courses where they might play undisturbed by the restrictions of commoners or the ordinary public. I remember well being asked to join the body who had hit upon a likely place for a private course. The charms of privacy, and the possibility of Sunday play appealed to me, and I readily added my name to the brotherhood, who had discovered at Eltham a fine mansion with sufficient land round it to hold out the promise of an excellent course.

Photo by **Eltham Golf Club** [*Willoughby*

Some prominent members, and the secretary (on right of picture)

The Club's Historic Headquarters

The house is a noble one, and was built in 1664 by Sir John Shaw, a London banker, on a lease granted to him by Queen Henrietta Maria, the widow of the martyred King and mother of Charles II., in acknowledgment of a debt incurred by the Merry Monarch during his period of exile. In this way we get a direct connection between modern English and ancient Scottish golf, for is it not recorded that Charles I. was playing on Leith links when news was brought to him of the Irish rebellion? The club-house and the grounds on which the links have been laid out are the property of the Crown, and the tenant prior to the Club was Mrs. Wood, the aunt of Sir Evelyn Wood and of Mrs. Parnell. I have little doubt but that, if the Club had not stepped in, the mansion would no longer be in existence, and its site and the grounds round it would have been seized by the insatiable speculative builder. In this same way, many other fine places have been saved from the same remorseless hands by the beneficent agency of golf.

Photo by **Eltham Golf Club: Front view of the historic club-house** [*Willoughby*

The house was built in 1664 by Sir John Shaw, a London banker, on a lease granted him by Queen Henrietta Maria, the Consort of Charles I.

A Splendid Drainage System

The founders of the club were confronted by a good many difficulties in making the course. Being on clay soil, and some of the land lying rather low, it was found necessary to face great

expense in the shape of drainage. This was only done gradually, but it will give my readers some idea of the work eventually carried out when I tell them that some fifteen miles of pipes, with cinders above them, are now reposing beneath the surface of the course. This work was an absolute necessity, for I recollect well on my last visit to the club, now a good many years ago, being obliged to use my niblick after three tee shots in the centre of the course, the damp clay having buried my ball in the place where it landed. Such an occurrence is now impossible, except in such exceptional weather as we had last winter, which made all links more or less unplayable.

Art and Golf: A Happy Combination

The course, too, has been a good deal altered, and now is of such a length as to meet all requirements. Being in the direction of Blackheath, the club had a considerable accession of strength from the members of that famous old club, while its proximity to Greenwich and Woolwich brings it a goodly number of naval and military members. A glance at our illustrations will show the commodious and comfortable nature of the club-house, while the main staircase and the tapestries in the billiard room will rejoice the heart of anyone who combines love of art with the consuming passion of golf. Golf is, therefore, laid out on very pleasant lines at Eltham, and anyone receiving an invitation from a friend who is a member, should not hesitate to accept it, for he may rest assured that he will enjoy playing on the excellent course, and that he will not regret the opportunity of inspecting the interior of a beautiful old house. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo by Eltham Golf Club: The staircase [*Willoughby*

Photo by [illegible] *Willoughby*

Eltham Golf Club: The billiard room, which contains some valuable old tapestries

BY FIELD, STREAM, AND COVERT

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

Photo exclusive to The Bystander

Mrs. Frederick Cardon's little trap party attends a meet of the Badminton at Foxham

The Badminton Hunt

Yielding only to the great feudal packs of Belvoir and Brocklesby in point of antiquity and close identification with territorial families, the Badminton Hunt has undoubted claims to be considered the leading establishment of the present day. Hounds are always advertised for every day of the week, and not only is Will Dale, the professional huntsman, one of the most proficient of his calling, but the noble Master is justly esteemed to be the most gifted amateur of this or any period. Though the actual date of the pack's conversion from stag to fox is uncertain, there is no doubt as to the fifth Duke of Beaufort possessing foxhounds in 1786, while with the present Duke, the ninth holder of the title, as keen and alert as ever, and in view of other satisfactory circumstances, there need be no misgivings as to the Hunt's future. Up to 1835, the whole of the Heythrop country was included in the Badminton domains, the establishment being moved from time to time to Charlbury. There have also been some alterations of the boundary on the south-west, and only last year certain coverts in that region were lent to the South and West Wilts. Still, to all intents and purposes, the country is but little different from what it was a century ago, except as regards railways. Even in that respect, until the Great Western Railway Company opened their new line to South Wales, Badminton was remarkably isolated.

The Duke of Beaufort
Master of the Badminton Hunt

Photo exclusive to The Bystander

The Badminton Hunt : Will Dale, the Huntsman—one of the most popular in the country

The Hounds

Everything is done so perfectly at Badminton, that it is almost superfluous to enlarge on the hounds. Suffice it to say that the sport shown during the present season is ample evidence of their working qualities, while a first prize, and a very close contest with the Rufford in the class for unentered dog-hounds at Peterborough, indicate a high standard of sightliness. The official return of the Duke's kennel is seventy-five couple, which are divided into three packs, of which the massive dog-hounds are the Master's favourites. There is but little respite for the kennel employées, for hunting is frequently continued into late April, if not into early May, to recommence, as a rule, in August, while the mere layman cannot fail to realise that in order to keep up the supply of young hounds, and to fill the numerous "walks" throughout the vast country, an enormous number of puppies have to be reared annually. In the late Duke's time, the distinguishing feature of the hounds used to be their odd colours: grey, light tan, and badger pies, were to be found in unusual profusion. Latterly, however, the orthodox "tricolour" (as the dog-show people would say) has reasserted itself. Like most prominent Hunts, the Badminton has its own history, which was published four years ago by Messrs. Constable, and is among the most interesting of its kind.

Photo exclusive to **The Badminton Hunt: Mr. Audrey, of Chippenham, at a meet of the Badminton at Foxham** [*The Bystander*

Harrier and Beagle Notes

Whether the Chase of the Hare is conducted with more continuity, or its changes in Mastership are effected with less publicity, one would hardly like to say. With a very few exceptions, it seems that matters are likely to go on as before. In the Tanat Side country there will be a vacancy, as Mr. W. L. Thursby, who, before going to the Welsh borderland in 1903, had already hunted harriers in Essex, is resigning. It is also rumoured that Mr. George Bowen will not carry on his joint Mastership of harriers with Mr. F. Taylor, of Bishop's Stortford, after this season. Mr. Bowen has been acting as huntsman of the pack, and was formerly Master of the Newmarket and Thurlow. The Hon. J. de G. Henniker is disposing of the pack of beagles which he has hunted from the Royal College of Agriculture, Cirencester, but whether a new pack will be formed in its stead or not is uncertain. With the Bexhill Harriers, it appears that there is some difficulty in collecting subscriptions, and unless the deficiency is made up, Mr. P. H. Trew intends to resign. The Bexhill pack is one of the very few that are entirely composed of black and tan hounds, and was for many years maintained by the Brook family. Later on Lord De La Warr introduced a bloodhound cross which was a great success.

New Masters and Huntsmen

Lord Southampton, whose name has been mentioned in connection with the Holderness vacancy, has now definitely accepted the Grafton country, which is to be congratulated on the certainty of good sport, as anyone who hunted with the Woodland Pytchley five or six years ago can testify. Though it is sad that the sporting little Exmoor country should once again have to look out for a new Master, the Craven Hunt have done well in electing Mr. Peter Ormrod as Mr. Pennefather's successor. Up to the current season, when he

THE BADMINTON HUNT: THE PACK CROSSING THE WILTSHIRE CANAL

Photo exclusive to The Bystander

followed Captain Matthews in the congenial task of hunting foxes over Exmoor, Mr. Ormrod had principally devoted himself to stag-hunting; even when he became M.F.H. he kept a private pack to help the Devon and Somerset on off-days. Turning to changes among Hunt servants, the appointment of a new huntsman of the Puckeridge has to be announced, Mr. Barclay having engaged E. Short, the first whipper-in of the Essex, to hunt the bitch pack in Cockayne's place. Short is a very smart man, who has already, on emergency, shown himself a capable huntsman. His place in the Essex establishment will be taken by Harry Speke, who has whipped in at Puckeridge for eight or nine seasons. In Lord Fitzhardinge's country, a new huntsman will be required, as Will Rawle is retiring after a long and honourable career.

Listening for the music of the Badminton

More Changes

Few tasks can be more repugnant to a writer on sporting topics than that of chronicling the resignations of which tidings are to hand at this season of the year in such deplorable numbers. Mr. Pennant's departure from the Grafton country will, doubtless, be made the occasion of the Hunt's gratitude being shown by a magnificent testimonial. Still, unless certain insuperable obstacles, of which the outside world has no knowledge, existed, one might think that more protracted efforts might have been made to induce him to follow Mr. Wilson's example in Cheshire, and accede to the entreaties of his friends in reconsidering his decision. Then Mr. Lycett Green is said to be resigning the York and Ainsty Mastership, which he has held with such conspicuous ability for nineteen seasons; a brilliant record of sport stands to his credit, while in kennel he has been indefatigable in maintaining the high standard required by the country. Mr. Carnaby Forster has done so well in the Ledbury country during his brief tenure of office that it is most disappointing to record his impending secession; and the East Sussex Hunt is also seeking a new Master, the Hon. T. A. Brassey having unfortunately proffered his resignation. The East Sussex is a sporting country which any Master, who does not spurn woodland hunting, would do well to take; the hounds, moreover, are of a very high order.

With the Badminton Hunt: Away to draw

Photos exclusive to *The Bystander*

James Britton, more generally known as "Early Morning"

He is a familiar figure in the Wiltshire hunting country; is eighty-six years of age, and has never slept in a bed. He is wealthy, and carries the whole of his home as shown in our photograph

RUGBY FOOTBALL: SCOTLAND v. WALES

THE WELSHMEN WIN BY TWO TRIES TO ONE AT EDINBURGH

Scotland v. Wales: A good bout of passing by Wales

It cannot be said that the victory of Wales over Scotland in the Rugby Football match at Edinburgh, on the 4th inst., was surprising, but it was none the less creditable. Scotland always takes a deal of beating at home. In the whole series of international games, her representatives have suffered defeat only seven times in their own country—on four occasions by England, once by Ireland, and twice by Wales. It was in 1893, when Scotland played the three three-quarter game for the last time, that Wales gained her first victory in Edinburgh, and after a lapse of twelve years, that success has been repeated. If the latest encounter had ended in a draw, nobody would have had much cause for complaint; but that polish which A. J. Gould introduced into Welsh three-quarter play proved just sufficient to turn the tide of battle in favour of the visitors, who gained a winning try about ten minutes before time. There are still plenty of people who think that the Welsh system of making the three-quarter line a scoring machine, with the forwards as the motive power, can be beaten by the old-fashioned bustling methods, and it is true that at Leicester last season, Wales, with infinitely the better lot of backs as regards combination, could only effect a distinctly lucky draw with England. If W. T. Forrest had stopped W. Llewellyn, as he looked like doing, at that critical point in the Edinburgh match, Scotland would have drawn, and the result would have been a further vindication of old-time methods. But Llewellyn scored, and the Gould three-quarter game triumphed—for it was at three-quarter that there existed the greatest disparity in the methods of the rival teams. The Welshmen always passed; they never tried to do anything by pure individuality. The Scottish three-quarters had, so far as one could see, no plans; they attempted to do everything by originality. Science won in the end; but it was a very tight match between two dissimilar styles until within a few minutes of the finish. Between the rival sets of forwards there was little to choose. Both packs played splendidly. Scotland, perhaps, might have followed up faster at the beginning, but they did not anticipate the contingency of George Davies, the Welsh full-back, misfielding the ball. That, perhaps, was a mistake; on the other hand, they may have been wise in reserving their strength. They were by no means certain to profit by Davies's mistakes, for the Welsh back always had plenty of time for recovery. Taken altogether, W. P. Scott led his men well. On the Welsh side, J. J. Hodges and A. F. Harding were the pick of the forwards. In P. Munro, Scotland had the best half on the field. His marking of R. Owen was one of the features of the match. All the Welsh three-quarters were good in combination, but they discovered very effective spoilers in the opposing quartette. W. T. Forrest, at full-back for Scotland, gave one of the best displays of his career, and it certainly was not his fault that Scotland lost.

Photos exclusive to *The Bystander*

Scotland v. Wales: Davies fails to convert Llewellyn's try in the second half

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BYSTANDER"

[*The following letter has been received in answer to our remarks last week on the Torrey-Alexander Revival. As it is our desire to do justice, whenever it lies in our power, we have much pleasure in publishing that portion of our correspondent's communication which deals directly with the points of issue between us.*—ED.]

SIR,—Being a regular reader of your journal, I venture to reply to your opening article in the issue of the 8th instant.

In this article, in a very sweeping manner, you express certain personal opinions about the Torrey-Alexander London Mission, which, to my mind, to say the least, are altogether misleading, and cannot be supported by any single, actual fact.

If the "sensible and sceptical Londoners," to whom you refer, are in any doubt as to the "disinterested affection for the souls of Londoners" with which Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander claim to be inspired, the best thing they could do would be to attend several of their meetings and judge for themselves.

It is a great pity that you have seen fit to impute low and mercenary motives to two such noble-minded Christian gentlemen, to characterise them as "American quacks" of the very worst type, and to imply, in your reference to the Welsh Revival, that the London one is a spurious one.

You have brought several most serious and most sweeping charges against Dr. Torrey's and Mr. Alexander's personal characters, and also against the work they are carrying on, and I defy you, in common with thousands of men and women throughout this country and other lands, to prove even *one* of the damaging statements you have made public in your journal, about these genuine Christian men.

In your article you repeat a question, which, you say, has already been asked by some paper, viz: "If Messrs. Torrey and Alexander are so anxious to save souls, why do they not labour in their own country, the United States? There is plenty of work for them there."

This question is very easily answered. In the first place, they *have* laboured for a good many years in their own country, and their labour there has been by no means in vain. They have also conducted gloriously successful Missions in other countries, such as Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and India, and few fair-minded people will deny them the right to conduct Missions in England, or grudge them the liberty of conducting them on the lines that have proved so successful elsewhere.

Highly favoured, and even gifted, as the average Englishman may be, and admitting him to be even a "keen theologian," it is certainly open to the gravest doubt whether the whisky-drinking, music-hall going type of Englishman, or even the cold, formal Church-going type of Englishman, can possibly be as conversant with "Higher" or "Lower" Criticism, as Dr. Torrey, and men of his intelligence and education.

Permit me to say, you are entirely mistaken in thinking that men "of the Dr. Torrey type" have found, in the past, that, after a brief stay in England, their Mission was a failure, and that they were not wanted.

To take the case of *D. L. Moody* alone: In the course of his useful and remarkable life, he visited England and Scotland several times, and on each occasion, very great success attended and followed his Missions; they resulted in hundreds, if not thousands, of genuine conversions, and it is a well-known fact that very many of the most active and successful Christian workers in England, and in many other countries, to-day, owe all they *are*, and all they *have done*, under God, to the spiritual blessings they received in Moody's Missions. Thousands of Christians have already seen the same results following the Torrey and Alexander Missions, wherever they have been held, and thousands of Christians are expecting to see them again here, in London.

I respectfully refer you to the following words, taken from *Acts V.*, verses 38 and 39, and would ask you to try and be fair-minded and charitable enough until Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have been a little longer in London, to apply the following to them: "And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, and let them alone, for if this counsel or this work be of *men*, it will come to nought, but if it be of *God*, YE CANNOT OVERTHROW IT; lest haply ye be found even to fight against *God*."

I am, Sir, yours truly,

A. F. HARRIS.

Beckenham, Kent,
February 8, 1905.

Our Coloured Supplement

This week the subject of our coloured Supplement takes us back to the days of our grandfathers. The plate of the old squire and his daughter wending their way homewards from church is a reproduction of a picture painted specially for THE BYSTANDER by B. H. Smale. It may be had from the Publisher, tastefully framed, at the low price of half a crown.

Irkutsk, where the food supply for Kuropatkin's Army in the Far East has been delayed

Irkutsk is the commercial centre of Siberia, and it is near here that twenty miles of railway, on the direct route from St. Petersburg to the Army in Manchuria, have been destroyed, the delay thus made in the transportation of supplies causing indescribable suffering among the troops

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Arthur Macdonald
Who broke three records at Daytona Beach, Florida

Racing on Daytona Beach

The recent races in Florida on the Daytona beach proved that this sandy shore is one of the fastest tracks that motor-cars have yet raced upon. Almost all the 1904 records have been broken, and, I am glad to say, one of the features is the fine times done by the 100 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier. Macdonald, who handled the English speed-demon, beat the big White steam-car, the Rénault, the Mercédes, a Fiat, and a Pipe; he covered the flying mile in 35 seconds; he won a five-mile race in 3 minutes 17 seconds, secured the "Bowden" Cup, the Thomas Trophy (20 miles), and the Miller Trophy, covering, in this latter race, ten miles in the record time of 6 minutes 15 seconds. The Vanderbilt Cup for 100 miles went to a four-cylinder De Dietrich, the same car as Gabriel drove last year; Fletcher, who was in control of this car, completed the 100 miles in 1 hour 18 minutes 45 seconds. One of the features of the meeting was H. L. Bowden, on his 120 h.-p. Mercédes, for on this machine, which contains two four-cylinder Mercédes engines, one behind the other, he covered the mile at the rate of 109½ miles per hour. Such times as these, on a sandy track, are really phenomenal; when one remembers that a mile a minute on the railway is good going, one appreciates the speed of these racing cars, which now approximate to a mile in half a minute.

Photo by Elliott and Fry
The Earl of Dartmouth, a keen motor st

Side-Slip Trials

An interesting feature of the Motor Show at the Crystal Palace was the non-skidding trials. A stretch of sloping concrete had been specially smeared with a combination of mud and soft soap, and the resulting surface was so treacherous and greasy that it was almost impossible to walk upon it. There were seven competing non-skidding devices, and the judges tested each device in three distinct ways. First, the cars were compelled to turn at a moderate pace; secondly, they underwent a brake test; and, thirdly, a starting test. The maximum number of marks which any device could secure was ten in each test. The well-known "Samson," fitted to all the wheels of a 16 h.-p. "Germain," came out top, and was awarded full marks in each section, while the others, except the "Grose," can hardly be said to have done well. I subjoin the marks secured by each device:—

	Turning	Braking.	Starting.	Total.
Samson	10	10	10	30
Grose ...	10	7	9	26
Sawyer	5	10	4	19
Watkins	0	10	7	17
Parsons...	5	6	5	16
Empire ...	0	10	0	10

Some little time back my readers may remember that I invited correspondence on the whole subject of skidding, and published some interesting letters from experienced motorists on the subject. The practical outcome of that correspondence was that anti-skids had drawbacks, and that it was almost better to be without them. Motorists would do well to hesitate before they fitted any of the much-advertised appliances to their tyres. Let them remember that they will lose pace, that the easy running of the car is interfered with, and that the strain upon all parts of the chassis is certainly increased. In fact, many of the advantages due to the resilience and give-and-take nature of the pneumatic tyre are sacrificed. Nevertheless, if a motorist must have them fitted, let him carefully note the results of these Crystal Palace trials and order the "Samson."

The Siddeley Completes 5,000 Miles

The 12 h.-p. Siddeley has finished in fine form—5,000 miles have been covered, the car has behaved faultlessly, and, for all practical purposes, every run has been non-stop. To be exact, there have been three involuntary stops due to tyre troubles,

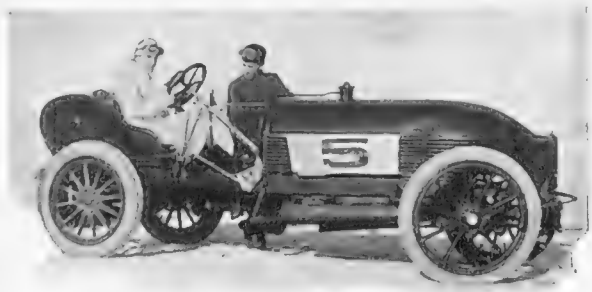


Photo by Topical Agency
Arthur Macdonald on his space-devouring 100 h.-p. Napier, with which he beat several records at Daytona Beach

once the car ran out of petrol, and once the pressure valve on the carburettor required adjustment. The car itself is on view at Stand No. 30 at Olympia; it has been taken to pieces for inspection by the Club judges, and the public themselves can see the gear, the differential, and the big ends of the engine. The cost of oil, grease, petrol, replacements, etc., for the 5,000 miles, works out at £19, which brings the cost per car mile—exclusive of tyre expenses—to ·9*d*. A fairer, better, more straightforward test than the one to which Mr. Siddeley, of his own free will, submitted his 12 h.-p. car, it is hard to imagine, and I congratulate him on the successful conclusion of the trials.

Watching the races on the shell beach at Daytona

Photos by *Topical Agency*

General view of the track on which so many speed records were broken

A Useful Type of Spanner

I saw at the show a handy tool which should find a place on every car. Always ready for use without any adjustment or alteration, the claim of the "Quick Grip" spanner as a time-saver is self-evident. The material used and the workmanship are the best, and visitors to the Show would do well to inspect this spanner at Melhuish's stall in the Gallery.

Better Days for the Motor Man

Our Olympia Show, which will be in full swing by the time these notes are in the reader's hands, is sure to be by far the best of its kind that has ever been held in England, and there can be little doubt that the interest that it has created, and the large number of people that it will attract, will still further popularise the motor. The attitude of the public towards the car has, I think, latterly undergone a somewhat rapid change. Englishmen may be slow to move, they may be opposed to change, but they have their full share of common sense. The utility, the rapidity, the silence, and the perfection of the modern car, is surely and steadily making an impression. The use of the ordinary car is rapidly spreading amongst the highest in the land—the light delivery van and transport lorry are increasing in favour with the commercial world, and that welcome missionary, the motor 'bus, is now converting the million.

The Coming of the Motor 'Bus

During the last few months the motor omnibus movement has received fresh impetus. A big public company has been formed for the special purpose of putting on the London roads a large number of motor 'buses, and has, undoubtedly, forced the hand of the regular 'bus companies. In a leisurely manner, the proprietors of the noisy, ill-ventilated penny 'bus have been experimenting for some time past, but the fear of competition, and their anxiety to retain their present hold on the London traffic, has, undoubtedly, compelled them to take a more lively interest in motor traction. The daily papers, latterly, have been full of the doings of the motor 'bus, and some go so far as to condemn the present tramway systems. There can be little doubt that, in many ways, a petrol or steam-driven omnibus is far better suited to the traffic of the crowded town than is the tramcar. Tied to its rails, the tram is quite unable to accommodate itself to traffic pressure. Its equipment and the laying of the lines requires a large amount of money—the motor 'bus is quieter, quite as quick, much fairer to other road users, and, if only it can be made to pay, it undoubtedly has a splendid future.

Will they Pay?

The one great question with regard to the motor omnibus appears to be the question of its up-keep. Mr. R. T. Kingham, secretary of the London General Omnibus Company, states that the steam-driven car, that his Company has been running,

Photo by] **The new 70 h.-p. Mercédes chassis** [*Topical Agency*

This car can be seen at Olympia on the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association's stand

which only accommodates passengers inside, has proved an expensive type, and will have to be abandoned; but, on the other hand, he says that a two-decker petrol car has run for over a month without a breakdown, and has earned a satisfactory profit. The question of renewals on a motor omnibus, which is subjected by traffic requirements to such severe strains, is undoubtedly a serious one. The only way of meeting it, to my mind, is to have a rigid system, by which every omnibus is only on the road for a certain number of running hours, and is then put over the pit and carefully overhauled. By a careful system of examination and adjustment, there is no reason why the motor omnibus should not run and pay handsome dividends, but it is absolutely essential that some system should be adopted, by means of which any looseness, slackness, or want of adjustment, can be taken up and put right before a serious breakage occurs. A careless, haphazard method of running the new vehicles might easily result in their working at a loss, and the motor 'bus movement would then receive a severe and undeserved check.

Alfred C. Hunter.

General view of the Motor Show at Olympia

MATTERS MUSICAL

Miss McCarthy

It is not every day that it falls to the critic's lot to give whole-hearted commendation, and so it is all the more pleasant to chronicle Miss Maud McCarthy's achievements at her two concerts. She chose to appear only once at each, and this in itself was a pleasant relief from the methods of artists who seem to demand, rather than solicit, one's attention. At the first she essayed Brahms' violin concerto, a work of prodigious difficulties, and at the second the more familiar Beethoven concerto, and proved herself more than equal to the task in each case. The contrast in style between the somewhat abstruse and elusive themes of Brahms and the simple grandeur of Beethoven gave her an excellent opportunity of demonstrating her versatility, and with both she scored a marked success. The excellent London Symphony Orchestra seconded her efforts in great style, under the able bâton of Herr Fritz Steinbach; and, in fact, made the concerts far more interesting than one or two pompously-named "symphony" concerts have been of late.

Photo by *Ellis*

Mr. Wilhelm Ganz

An old favourite with the London public, who has just received from the Emperor of Austria the decoration of the Franz Joseph Order

Herr Steinbach Conducts

To the unfamiliar eye, there is something very quaint about the conducting of Herr Steinbach. At first matters will go uneventfully, but shortly a climax will loom in sight—more and more emphatic grow the gestures—the conductor seizes the orchestra in handfuls, and squeezes them of sound to their very last note. Anon, ensues a calm, and he blesses them, with outstretched hands, but, at all times, there is a nodal wriggle in the upward stroke which is characteristic. To English eyes, a little exaggerated, no doubt, but it seems to serve its purpose well when once one has grown accustomed to it. His readings of Brahms are, of course, practically authoritative, for he was a personal friend of the composer, and had the opportunity of absorbing ideas from him.

Symphony Lectures

Having heard Brahms' First Symphony in the afternoon, one returned in the evening to hear the Third Symphony of the same master, Mr. Charles Williams having assigned this the place of honour at his first concert. He had an excellent idea of lecturing on the work on the day before, and those who had tickets for the concert were admitted free to this. That is the way to make classical music more popular. Admittedly there are difficulties in the way of comprehending any symphony, especially if heard for the first time, but if it is possible to gain some idea of its features beforehand, it becomes a far easier matter to follow the performance. I hope the precedent will be followed—a lecture on a certain little known symphony of Glazounoff, which was performed under Mr. Wood's direction on Saturday, would not be without its interest to the musical public.

Mr. Wilhelm Ganz

Mr. Wilhelm Ganz is to be congratulated on yet another decoration to add to his already extensive collection. The Emperor of Austria has just bestowed upon him the Franz Josef Order in recognition of his services to many members of the musical profession who are of Austrian nationality, and also of the able assistance he has given to the annual charitable musical entertainments on behalf of the Franz Josef Institute in London. Mr. Ganz belongs, perhaps, more to the past than the present generation of musicians, and his name will awake memories of many triumphs in the days of the New Philharmonic Concerts in the seventies.

The Last of St. James's Hall

Last week saw the last concert given in the historic St. James's Hall. Long threatened by the sacrilegious hands of the house-breaker, it has at last succumbed, and will shortly be demolished. Those who have sat and shivered in the whistling draught which was accustomed to wanton round their legs, will be inclined to cut short the sentimental who come to them with tales of what a pity it is that a concert-hall with so many associations should vanish thus. The truth is, that it is high time we had a large and comfortable, modern, concert-hall (which, by the way, should be a good place for sound). Queen's Hall is fairly comfortable, but its acoustic properties are occasionally surprising, and I always think that one reason why the brass of an orchestra often sounds somewhat harsh there is, that it is invariably stowed away under the roof of the organ chamber.

H. F.

THE CONNOISSEUR

Old English Earthenware.—Part I.

The immense interest at present displayed in the history and development of the British wares during the eighteenth century is admirably served by Mr. William Burton's descriptive work, "English Earthenware and Stoneware" (Cassell), a companion volume to his well-known "English Porcelain." The title suggests a volume dealing with the earliest British work, and to some extent Mr. Burton sketches the genesis of the potter's craft among us from earliest times. But the bulk of the book is devoted to what will more greatly interest the collector and the connoisseur, namely, the wares produced in England after the long period of peasant pottery and up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. These were the first fine days of English pottery, when one had the opportunity of seeing, once for all, how great was the native skill in manufacture and how poor the artistic sense of the potter.

The early history of English pottery is the story of a few devoted and enthusiastic men, who gave their lives to the advancement of what too often proved, in the early stages, a thankless task. The first of what may be termed the sophisticated potters after the barbaric and purely English period was John Dwight, of Fulham, who now stands as the parent of modern pottery. The stone ware of German Rhineland had greatly influenced local manufacturers, when Dwight, in 1671, received his first patent on the ground that he had discovered :

Portrait Bust by John Dwight, about 1676

It is supposed to be the bust of Mrs. Pepys, the wife of the great Diarist

> the misterie of transparent earthenware commonly knowne by the names of porcelaine or China and Persian ware, as alsoe the misterie of stoneware vulgarly called Cologne ware; and that he designed to introduce a manufacture of the said wares into our Kingdom of England, where they have not hitherto been wrought or made.

Of course, the last statement is not quite a fact, nor did Dwight solve the mystery of porcelain, but he discovered the secret of Cologne ware and improved upon it, and did very much more in the service of his interesting trade. He was himself an enthusiast, an M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, probably possessed some property, was on friendly terms with Elias Ashmole, and Dr. Plot, the learned keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, and others, who have mentioned his work in the books they have left behind them. He met many difficulties in his search for the secret of the Chinese art, but what interests posterity more is that he has left us many admirable examples of his own particular skill in pottery. The "Jupiter," in the Liverpool Museum, is a fine example of design and texture, beautifully white, fairly translucent in the thinnest parts, and, though absolutely vitreous, is, as Mr. Burton points out, almost devoid of glaze. The portrait bust of Mrs. Pepys, which is given in this book, apart from its historical interest, is technically of value because it is covered with a fairly thick salt-glaze. Among the many specimens of Dwight's work which are still fortunately left to us, none shows his weakness and his strength so well as the mouse-coloured stoneware jug in the British Museum, which is also illustrated by Mr. Burton. Here is a fine example of ware, excellent in colour, with a beautiful surface, worthy of the Oriental model on which, perchance, it was based, decorated with two broad bands of marbled design.

Left as it was, it would have been a work of great taste and accomplishment. But with fatal English ingenuity, Dwight had invented a certain sort of brass stamp which would cut out a design in wet clay applied to the turned vessel. So having produced a master-piece of its kind the potter then sprinkled it over with these supposed ornaments—some in what was thought the Chinese style—a church, two very unhappy flying cranes, and two figures that presented the eighteenth century English idea of what two Chinese merry-andrews would be like. To the searcher after beauty among the applied arts, this particular piece is highly typical of all English potters' work, for it shows a great mastery of technique and an absolutely painful lack of the decorative sense. From another point of view, Mr. Burton says, this particular piece is of the greatest importance in the history of English pottery, because it proves that Dwight had mastered two methods of pottery decoration which have generally been attributed to later workers.

> In the marble bands (he says) we have the definite use of mingled strips of clay of different colours, which was to attain such extended use in the agate-wares of the Staffordshire potters, towards the middle of the eighteenth century. The method by which the stamped figures were produced has generally been attributed to Elers, working in Staffordshire. That Dwight practised it is proved, not only by this piece and others of somewhat similar style, but also by the presence in the British Museum collection of a number of brass stamps, which are stated to have been found in a pot on the site of Dwight's works at Fulham, about 1765.

(To be continued)

MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS*

By Mrs.
CREIGHTON

Mrs. Creighton, beside being the editor of the life and letters of her husband, the late Dr. Mandell Creighton, the famous historian, and Bishop of London, has written many historical and biographical studies. Our photo is by Elliott and Fry.

We hear a great deal in these days about the difficulty of finding good servants, and we are apt to forget that it is not a new cry. At every period of the history of the past, the same complaints about the carelessness and inefficiency of servants are to be found. There never was a golden age when all mistresses were satisfied. Probably at present there is not so large a supply of servants as there used to be. We forget that, from the servants' point of view, this is not altogether a bad thing. It is good for them that the market should not be so overstocked as to oblige them to take any place they can get, and that there should be many other occupations open to those who do not care for domestic service. The curious thing is that, with all the obvious advantages of domestic service, it should not be more popular, and that, indeed, there should seem to be a growing dislike to it.

We need hardly enumerate the advantages. "After twenty-five years in domestic service," writes an old servant, "I am firmly convinced that it is the best sphere for those girls who have to depend entirely on their own exertions; because in good service young women can earn more money than in shops or warehouses, etc.; they have comfortable bed and board provided for them." Why, then, is service unpopular? Very largely, I think, because the beginning is hard, and children at present are not brought up to do difficult things, but to please themselves.

At the Bottom of the Ladder

When we hear talk of the advantages of service we think of the life of a good servant in a good place, but how is the girl of fourteen, just leaving school, to become a good servant and to get a good place? Service means to her, as a rule, going as general in a small place, having several babies to look after, and all the rough, unpleasant work to do which her mistress does not care to do herself. Or, perhaps, someone may interest themselves in her, and she may be sent as under-housemaid, or scullery maid, in a big house, away from all her friends and companions, to be taught her work by upper servants who may have very trying tempers, and whose selfishness may lead them to put all the hard work on her. Is it to be wondered at if the girl, who has not much power of thinking ahead, prefers to go off with a lot of companions whom she knows, to the workshop or factory, and feel sure of a few hours of fun and merriment, even though they are earned by long hours of monotonous toil for low wages?

Even if the hard beginning is got over, comfortable places are not always to be found, mistresses are trying and exacting, fellow servants often uncongenial, and the girl has no life of her own to fall back upon to cheer her after long hours of monotonous work. How are these difficulties to be remedied, and how is domestic service, with all its advantages, to be made more attractive? I think that we need to raise its whole status amongst the occupations of women, and to make it into a real profession, and treat it with the honour it deserves. As an old servant once said, after calling attention to the respect with which sick nurses were regarded: "Is it a less honourable duty to serve well people than sick?" Surely not, and the servant has not only to serve well people, but to keep them from becoming sick. How much of the health of a household depends upon the servants, on the faithful care of the children, the careful cooking of the food, and the attention to cleanliness of every kind?

Are Servants Human?

Many of us have known servants whom we honour amongst God's saints. I know one now, who, as an old woman over eighty, lives with the mistress whom she nursed as a child, and whose children she also nursed. The youngest of her nurslings is a man of thirty, but she will never be parted from that family, and no member of it is treated with more consideration and love than she. Such cases, no doubt, are exceptions; they must be so, as only exceptional circumstances make them possible. But they are not uncommon, and surely they raise the dignity of the whole profession which makes them possible. But we cannot expect or even wish to make general the life of those servants who completely merge their existence in the family of those they serve.

For most of them it will be a profession undertaken for its advantages over other professions, but it will always be a most honourable profession, and one with very special opportunities for helping others, a point of view which might be more generally put forward than it is. If regarded as a profession, mistresses will be more apt to remember that their servants do not exist only for their convenience, but have a life of their own to live, that they have the same desires, the same tastes, the same love of variety, the same yearning for affection and companionship as other young people, and that they have the same claim to lead a full and interesting life as anyone else. A few hard and fast rules about visitors and hours of going out will neither make a

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servant happy nor keep her out of mischief. She must be encouraged to have as many friends and interests and to go out as much as possible.

There can be no more foolish rule than that which commonly prevails of letting a servant have a regular afternoon off, or a regular day once a month. A servant has her definite work to do, when that work is done, her time should be her own, and she should be encouraged to go out every day. Servants who are left free to arrange these things themselves will always help one another, and see that the necessary work in the house is done, whilst they are out. The mistress's only legitimate demand is that the work should be done and done well. Of course, she should also take an interest in all that concerns her servants, and be ready to add interest to their lives wherever possible. And she must feel a special responsibility for their moral character. But strict rules will not protect them, and may be only an additional source of danger, leading to deceit and evasion. The regular day out, if the girl has nothing to do and no friends to visit, may only become a source of temptation. The good mistress will know how to be a wise friend to her servants.

The Influence of a Bad Mistress

It is the selfish, exacting mistress who makes bad servants. The work of a servant, properly arranged and done quickly and skilfully, should leave her plenty of time for herself. The good education which every child receives in these days should have done something to provide her with interests, and these she should have opportunity and encouragement to develop. Everyone who has a hobby of his own is the happier for its possession, and there is no reason why servants should not have the joy of having hobbies of their own. They can also enlarge their lives by taking part in some of the philanthropic work in their neighbourhood, teaching in Sunday schools, helping in girls' clubs, visiting the old and infirm. For this purpose they ought to be in close connection with their Church or Chapel. The important thing is that they should have a life of their own, and that work well done should be followed by leisure well used.

I have spoken of the way in which the mistress should regard her servant's life. But a change of view is also needed on the servant's side. A servant's life is often said to be monotonous. It is monotonous because she does not take a sufficient interest in her work, because she is not keen enough to go on improving, nor anxious enough to do what she has to do as well as it can be done. Work into which we throw all our powers is never dull. Work which we look upon only as something to be got through must be wearisome.

If domestic service is to be a profession it must be studied as a profession, and must be looked upon as a profession in which progress is always possible. No profession can be learnt at once, and the girl who decides on entering domestic service must be prepared for a time of apprenticeship. Our domestic economy schools are doing much to produce a truer view of what we may call domestic arts. There is much to be learnt before a house, however small, can be ordered really well.

The Training for an Honourable Profession

The use of better methods, of labour-saving appliances, whilst improving the quality of domestic work, will also enable it to be more quickly done, and so will leave the intelligent and well-trained servant more time for herself. Time to learn her profession, so that she may be an honour to it, and may rise in it, must not be grudged either by a servant or her parents. As a profession, it has the great advantage of possessing many and varied posts of trust and responsibility, and no capable girl need remain long in the lowest ranks. If she is wise, therefore, she will not fear a hard beginning, knowing that it depends upon herself how soon she works through her apprenticeship. For small households of one or two servants, the training in the Domestic Economy Schools will be invaluable, and we trust that the local education authorities will not be so short-sighted as to grudge money for the support of such schools, seeing how much they will do for the comfort and well-being of the community.

It is more difficult to see how the lot of the little general servant can be made lighter. But she, too, will profit if the general standard is raised, and she, too, will be happier if she learns how to do her work in the best possible way. With a kind mistress it is very far from being a bad beginning, for the girl works with her mistress, and so is not lonely, and having to do work of all kinds has the chance of learning what work she prefers. As long as there are bad mistresses and careless, ill-trained servants, the servant problem, in some form, will be with us. But the more we recognise domestic service as an honourable profession, for which due training is needed, the better it will be for both mistress and servant. It is a profession which no woman should think it beneath her to enter, provided it is work which she thinks she could do better than any other. Those who by their work are helping, if only in the humblest capacity, to make a pure and happy family life possible, are very true workers for the good of the community.

To Phyllis—At Her Toilette

A debtor at Clerkenwell said he had never known trade so bad.
JUDGE EDGE: What are you?
DEBTOR: In the powder-puff line.
JUDGE EDGE: It sounds like a business that should attract a good share of custom.
DEBTOR: Nothing like it used to.
He got off with a small order.

Dainty Phyllis! Have I really heard aright,
That your powder-puff is banished from your sight?
Do you see at last how silly
'Tis to try and paint the lily,
When the process only makes it look a fright?

There's a possible solution which I dread—
Having kissed your little lips so soft and red,
Surely, you don't mean to tell me
That in future you'll compel me
To salute you on your pretty cheeks instead?

Dainty Phyllis! Do not slay me with a look!
I confess, at first, your motives I mistook—
Is't the chemist or the draper
Who supplies those bits of paper
Which you buy all ready powdered in a book?

Next week, Mr. Charles Rowley will deal with the question of "A Successful Social Experiment"

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

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Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

For once, we poor Britishers seem to be having the best of it—atmospherically. What days we have had of late! almost balmy, save for that invigorating, fresh Spring nip in the air, with the birds carolling a welcome and the sun now and again bursting forth in almost midsummer splendour. There will linger long and pleasurably in my memory, a run we took through Hillingdon and Uxbridge to Beaconsfield, that quaint old coaching town of many inns, whence we branched off through lanes, where the reflection, that in a few weeks' time the foliage would be meeting over our heads, compensated, in a measure, for the wicked patches of flint assiduous Urban Councils had dispensed with quite uncalled-for prodigality. To a sympathetic motorist, the sensation of a well-regulated tyre, when called upon to negotiate such ground, is very apparent; one suffers in consort with the inanimate rubber. But the economy of Urban Councils is notorious, and, so long as we motorists patiently consent to act as our own steam rollers, it is only natural to suppose we shall be privileged to perform that gratuitous service.

Any motorist anxious to graduate in the pursuit, should take the run we did from Beaconsfield, through Chalfont St. Giles, to Rickmansworth, which just now offers a test trial to flint-resisting tyres. However, save for that, it was a record day and a record drive for the early part of February.

A Mammoth Motor Show

Ambrosine and I are wondering, how the world contrived to keep going or awake at all, during the dull time after Christmas, before the era of motor shows. Our own minds are a complete blank as to what we did, or how we contrived to get through the phase between Christmas and the beginning of Lent. As we write, however, Olympia is on the eve of its opening, and we have consequently made a preliminary round of the establishments which lay themselves out to meet smart feminine needs in the matter of attire.

A smart homespun Motor Coat for Spring wear

(Sketched at Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 32, Brook Street)

A coat whereof we became immediately enamoured boasted a fitted back and loose fronts, a band starting at the side seam and passing through slits either side of the front. Needless to say, we personally tested the efficacy of the affair, and found it the most comfortable wrap imaginable; far less weighty, and far more manageable than a sacque, the whole hang of which is inevitably borne by the shoulders. It presents, moreover, a much neater and altogether smarter appearance when the wearer alights from her car; and built in Castlebar homespun, with black suède facings and buttons, by

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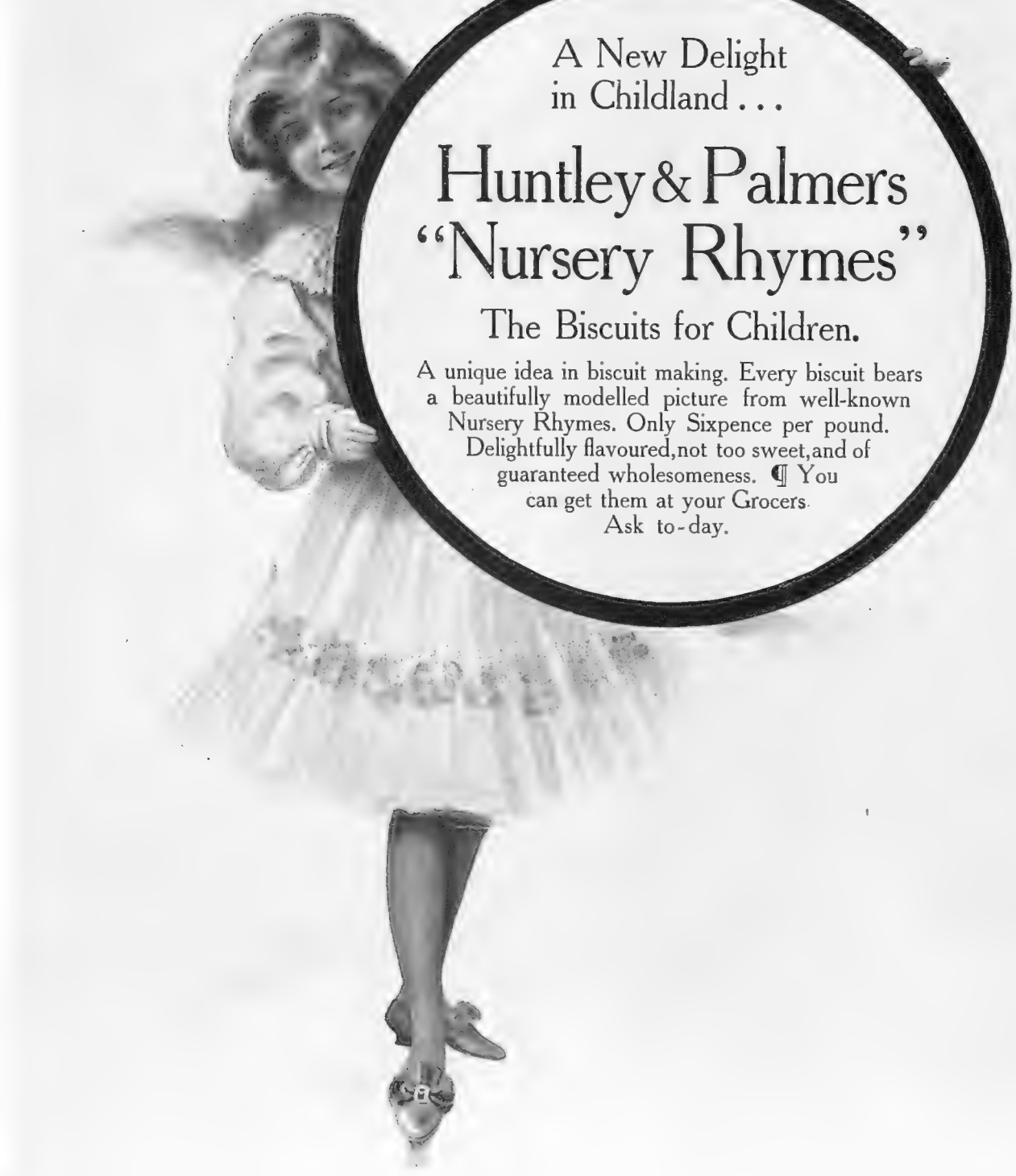

A New Delight
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A unique idea in biscuit making. Every biscuit bears a beautifully modelled picture from well-known Nursery Rhymes. Only Sixpence per pound. Delightfully flavoured, not too sweet, and of guaranteed wholesomeness. ¶ You can get them at your Grocers. Ask to-day.

Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 32, Brook Street—whose design, by-the-way, it is—there is no question at all as to its claims to be considered an ideal motoring wrap, suitable to Spring wear, and most worthy the pictured presentment we have accorded it in these columns.

Another model, equally persuasive, and equally deserving of a sketch—but that our space, alas! is inevitably limited—defines the figure much more closely everywhere, although the front is what would be termed semi-fitting. The chief feature of the design lies in stitched box-pleats, flanking either side front, and continued over the shoulders and down the back, these being allowed to flow free, midway between hips and knees, while a belt indicates the waist, and is threaded through the strap, after the style made familiar to us by the Norfolk. The model we interviewed was expressed in a coarse navy diagonal serge, and carried a pale grey suède patent tab collar, together with buttons and belt.

Messrs. Thomas have contrived also to strike quite fresh ground, with a new motoring cap, an affair of tweed with a soft, stitched brim, which can be twisted into every conceivable position. In its way, this piece of headgear is just as tractable as a panama, and while conforming to all the requirements of the cap, is yet quite distinctive from the now far too ubiquitous service model.

The Feeling for Infinitesimal Checks

This is a *penchant* most pronounced in cashmere tweeds, etamine, and taffetas, although the latter fabric will not concern us seriously for the next two months, save in the form of narrow strappings on cloth gowns. But the infinitesimal check will be one of the leading laws of the early Spring, and preferably not in black and white, which has already wearied us by its persistency. Sometimes we shall wear check skirts and plain cloth coats, which is an alliance that seldom fails to earn the verdict of *chic*, and one suggesting, furthermore, the manœuvring of various economical and alternative schemes.

A revival of interesting value, more particularly in the immediate cause of the Court gown is moire. This, however, is by no means the moire of our recollections, but a vastly improved kind, much softer in quality, although fully as handsome and heavy in appearance, while the watering is considerably slighter and more incidental altogether. That we shall see a great deal of moire during the coming season is a foregone conclusion, and not alone in the extravagant form of gowns, but also will it be employed for vests, delicately hand-embroidered panels for evening dresses, worked in high relief with silk and jewels, and tinsel gauze. Then, a perfectly exquisite evening fabric, used almost exclusively as a *doublure*, is an iridescent net, called fly's wing. Placed beneath lace or some plain transparency, this fly's wing affords the most mysterious and evanescent glimmer of iridescent colouring, and is being used exhaustively by one great West End house in the creation of Court gowns that are famous for their wholly exclusive character.

The Menu: Invalid Diet

Just now, when a great many people are suffering from influenza, and the convalescence of the patient depends so much upon strengthening food, I think the following recipes for invalid dishes may be of some help:

BEEF TEA

INGREDIENTS: 1 lb. of lean beef, one pint of cold water, a pinch of salt. Cut the meat up into small pieces, put it into a jar with the proportion of one pint of cold water to 1 lb. of meat; leave it for four hours till the water is red and the meat white. Put a lid on the jar, and cover it with paste or paper. Put the jar in a slow oven, or in a saucepan of water, and let it stew gently eight hours. Strain it through a coarse colander, so as to only keep back the large pieces of meat. When cold, remove the fat. Stir well before warming, as the sediment is the most nutritious part. Only make enough beef tea to last for two days, as it is better made fresh. Never warm more than you want at one time. It should be a firm, clear jelly, with a good sediment at the bottom. It is very nice to eat cold, and some people prefer it. Time: Twelve hours.

VEAL BROTH

INGREDIENTS: ½ lb. veal (meat and bone together), a calf's foot, water, milk flavouring. The foot should be prepared and divided, and the meat and bones cut small, then put in a perfectly clean saucepan with two quarts of cold water, a few peppercorns, a little salt, and a small blade of mace, a small shallot is also an improvement. Any farinaceous food may be added—either a dessertspoonful of pearl barley, rice, flaked wheat, or tapioca. Simmer gently till the food is very tender, and reduce the liquor to about half its original quantity; then strain, re-heat, and add about a fourth of boiling milk at the time of serving, or add a beaten yolk of an egg and two tablespoonfuls of milk or thin cream. If the patient can take it, some neatly cut pieces of the calf's foot may be served in the soup.

PORT WINE JELLY

Two oz. isinglass, 2 oz. sugar candy, ½ oz. gum arabic, one pint port wine. Mix in a jar, and leave it to soak for twelve hours. Dissolve it by placing the jar in a saucepan of water. Do not strain it. Take a piece the size of a walnut two or three times a day. Claret may be used instead of port wine.

COW-HEEL JELLY.

Take a well-cleaned cow-heel, chop it into four pieces, boil it ten minutes and throw the water away. Put it into two quarts of water, boil it five or six hours till reduced to one quart. Strain and, when cold, remove the fat with an iron spoon. Afterwards wipe the jelly with a cloth wrung out in hot water. Put the jelly in a stewpan with ½ lb. of loaf sugar, the strained juice of three lemons, the peel of two cut very thin, ½ oz. of isinglass, the whites and shells of three eggs beaten up, three-quarters of a pint of sherry. Stir well with a whisk till it boils; then put the lid on the saucepan, and let it stand for twenty minutes. Strain through a jelly-bag till clear.

ARROWROOT LEMONADE

One oz. of the best arrowroot, 2 oz. of castor sugar, the strained juice of two lemons, the whites of two eggs, three pints of boiling water. Mix the arrowroot to a smooth paste with a little cold water, add the lemon-juice, sugar, and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Stir in three pints of boiling water, put it into a stewpan, let it boil up quickly, stirring it all the time. This drink is somewhat thick, and liked by people who are suffering from a sore and dry throat. EMILIA.

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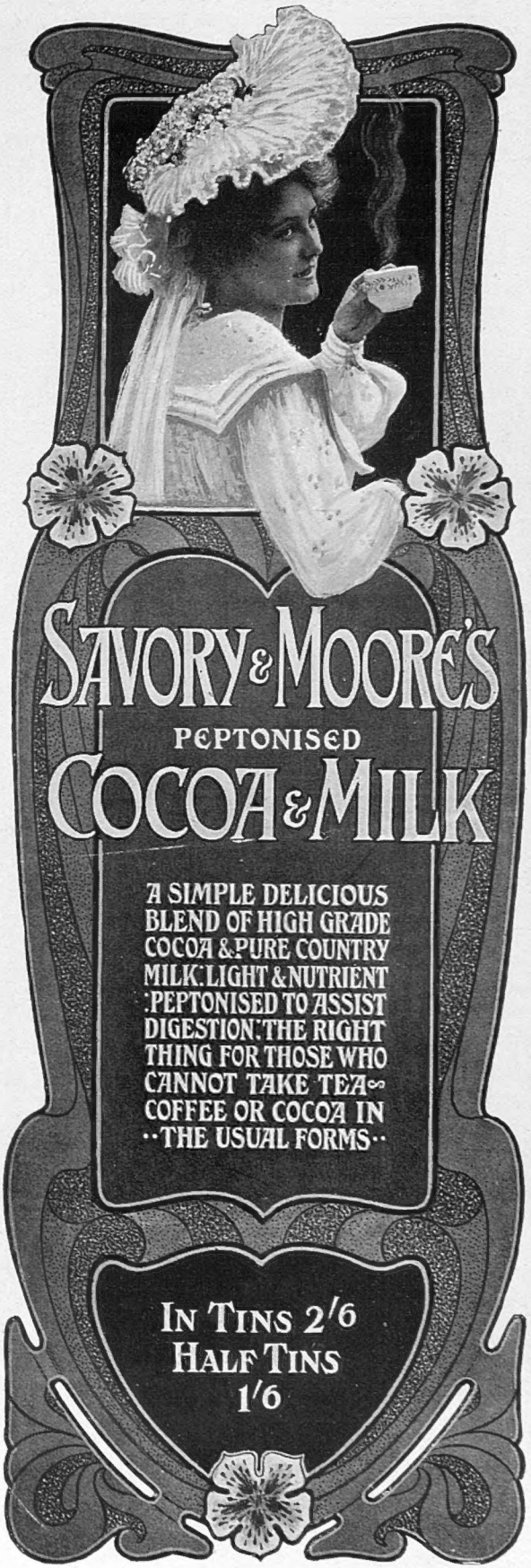

A Woman's Pocket Book

The Dickens Fancy Dress Ball

To the lovers of Dickens—and which of us can resist his attractions—the evening of Monday, the 30th ult., was a joyful occasion, the successful ball held in the Empress Rooms showing plainly that the popularity of the great novelist is *not* upon the wane; and we were all ready and eager to welcome him, from a dramatic point of view, as, amid a blaze of light, the graceful impersonations of his genius flitted to and fro living and real before our eyes, making us recognise that not only in humour and pathos, but in costume also, his world of men and women could charm our fancy. The ball was a brilliant success. Organised for a charity, carried out picturesquely, and full of the good humour and fun of which Dickens himself was such a cheery exponent, it was graced by all sorts and conditions of men—by the world of fashion and the world of bookmen and book lovers, especially the lovers of Dickens's books, who were enthusiastic in their pet representations. My space forbids me to specialise; suffice it to say that the women in their wide skirts, innumerable frills, short waists, large hats, and ringlets, were altogether charming, while the men's old-world costumes were hardly less picturesque.

A Pleasing Harmony in Dresses

There was an unusual harmony about the scene, which is not conspicuous at an ordinary fancy dress ball. This, of course, was the result of one author only being illustrated, instead of the wild and not beautiful medley of all times, and very incongruous characters which has been our inartistic method of the past. Entertainers would do well to remember this; for only those who have seen it can realise what an improvement book representation is upon our usually slovenly efforts at fancy dress. I cannot resist mentioning the Nickleby circle; it was so delightful. Mrs. Suthurst brought a party of sixteen characters from that book. This, too, is a good idea in making up a large party; for it lends, still more, an air of harmony, ensures a wide selection of the characters, and prevents undue repetition of favourites.

The Possibilities of Book Representation

I hope this new idea of book representation will become very popular, for it offers great scope to the ingenious, and will, besides, bring our Standard novels, which are becoming terribly neglected, to the fore again. The books capable of such treatment are too numerous to mention; but, of course, the historical novels of Scott at once suggest themselves. What a field of colour and life they open to our imaginations—jesters, knights, fair ladies, friars, nobles, and sovereigns—all these, and more, lie hidden, and indeed, unfortunately, they are becoming every day more hidden, in his pages. Surely to bring them thus vividly to light in our entertainments, would create a new interest in the half-forgotten novels also.

An Ideal Book for the Purpose

George Eliot's beautiful book, "Romola," is an ideal subject for representation—quite the best of any I can think of. Imagine the characters: the stately heroine, with her wealth of golden hair and simple, dignified apparel; Tito, the laughing, well-mannered, careless, faultlessly attired, young Greek; the old blind scholar; the dignified Bernado del Nero; the friars, in the contrasting garbs of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, chief among them the powerful figure of Savonarola, priest and enthusiast; the chattering, over-dressed, foolish, but never to be set aside, Monna Brigida; Piero, the eccentric artist; Baldassarre, terrible with his purpose of revenge; pretty, innocent Tessa, in her peasant's attire, with the two children. Do not these make an imposing array, to say nothing of the minor characters, or the picturesque Florentine populace? I am only afraid that we should have all our good-looking men and girls clamouring to represent Romola and Tito, although, among so many charming costumes, they would have plenty of choice, and the festival attire of the peasants is by no means to be despised.

LADY PHYLLIS.

Photo by] Miss Esme Beringer [*Kate Pragnel*

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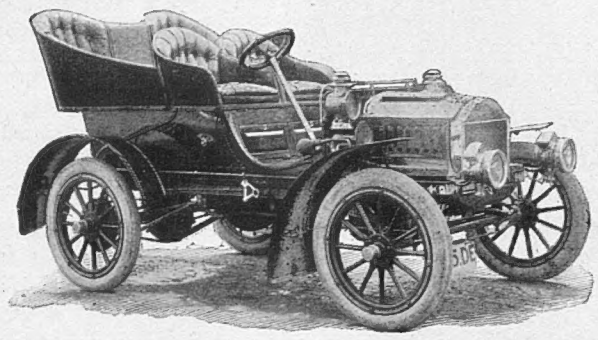

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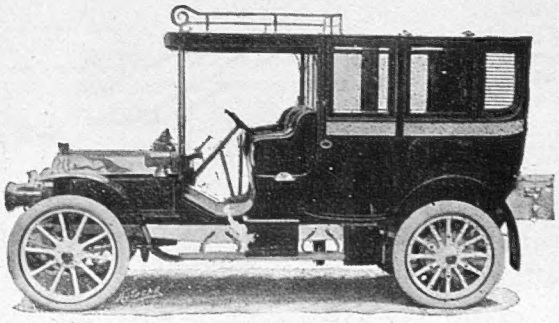

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Palace Theatre

It is refreshing to see that the theatres don't have things all their own way. Many sarcastic things have been said (some of them, no doubt, justifiable), about the music-hall entertainment when comparing it with the play, but all old scores are wiped off by The Follies at the Palace Theatre. In a "screamingly funny medley, 'Bill Bailey,'" they go further than mere farce, and produce the best satire on the present-day pantomime one could possibly conceive. This is not the only thing worth seeing at the Palace, for there is Arthur Prince, a clever ventriloquist; Coco, the human baboon, who has recently been the talk of the town in Paris; the ever-popular Bioscope, with new sets of pictures; and last, but not least, Horace Goldin, the illusionist, who can produce a full-grown plant, a rabbit, or three or four ducks, from his waistcoat pocket with more ease than the average person can produce half a crown. There are many others, but enough has been said to show that the Palace Theatre's new change of programme is well worth seeing.

Alhambra Theatre

Owing to the stage of the Alhambra Theatre being daily required for rehearsals of the forthcoming elaborate new ballet (full particulars of which will shortly be announced), the "Urbanora Matinées" have been temporarily suspended since Saturday last, the 11th inst. Meantime, the realistic films from Port Arthur hold their place in the evening bill, to which a distinct novelty is added in the charming sporting act presented by Miss Kitty Traney.

"Our Flat"

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, February 1, 2, and 3, there were three very successful amateur performances of the well-known piece, *Our Flat*, at the Albert Hall Theatre, in aid of several working girls' clubs in Whitechapel and Haggerston. The whole piece was well managed and excellently acted. The parts of Margery Sylvester, her sister Lucy, and the "little girl from the flat below," Clara Pryont, were excellently played by the three Misses Longman, while the rôle of Mr. Sylvester was taken by Captain Jeffcock. Mr. Harold Squire made an excellent Nathaniel Glover, "who never made a mistake," and Lieutenant-Colonel Toms exactly hit off the hard-hearted father-in-law. The theatre was well filled at each performance, much to the benefit of the girls' clubs at the other end of London.

R. C. D. F. Concert at Camberwell

Thanks to the many generous offers of our leading theatrical, music hall, and concert artists, the organisers of the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund Concert at the Camberwell Palace, which took place last Sunday evening, were enabled to arrange one of the strongest programmes ever presented in South London. No fewer than forty-one artists volunteered their services, including: Messrs. Martin Harvey, Lionel Brough, Bransby Williams, R. A. Roberts, Leo Stormont, George English; Misses Queenie Leighton, Maude Danks, Jessie Preston, Edith Temple, Amiée Bebb, Dot Hardy, Ethel May Turner, Frances Wheal, Ethel F. Bringloe, Florence A. Pentin, F. M. Clayton, Amy Henderson, Ethel Wehausen, Annie Bartle, Minnie Carlton, Marjorie Merle, Nellie Beare, Kate Willey, Little Millie Dawson, Tots Davis, Cissie Dryden, and the Barossa Quartette. Mr. Leon A. Bassett's specially augmented orchestra of nearly seventy performers was a feature of the evening. They played *Pomp and Circumstance*, the "1812" Overture, *Tannhäuser* March, *The Ride of the Valkyries*, and Three New Dances by Meredith Ball.

A Flying Matinée at Bristol

Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, with the entire company from the Garrick Theatre, appeared at a special matinée of *The Walls of Jericho* at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, last Monday, the 13th inst., and returned to London in time for the evening performance at the Garrick Theatre.

Opera at the Palace Theatre

On Monday, the 27th inst., a new operetta will be presented to the Palace audience. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, is the composer, and Mr. Henry A. Lytton, the well-known actor and singer, the librettist. Thus the excellent acoustic properties of the house, which were so enthusiastically praised by musical critics and other experts when it was opened with Grand Opera fifteen years ago, will again be fully appreciated, and, to some extent, old associations will be revived, and Mr. Herman Finck's fine orchestra will have one of its best opportunities.

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